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TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen must be convinced by this time that they are welcome in Canada. If addresses and ovals and tum-tum functions of all sorts can satisfy anybody, the vice-regal party must be even surfeited with satisfaction. If I were not sure of the genuineness of the welcome extended to them and of the satisfaction which they must feel, I would not venture to make any suggestion as to how long this sort of thing can be made to last. Ordinarily all formal addresses are but assurances that any deputy of the Queen will be acceptable to the Canadian people. Outside of this there is a genuine sentiment in Canada which reaches out and welcomes Lord and Lady Aberdeen as people who have already made themselves acceptable and valuable to the Canadian people. What I most regret is that, not satisfied with the genuine reception they have received as excellent specimens of the British nobility, they have so misjudged the Canadian people as to imagine that an immense retinue is likely to further endear them to us or that a private chapel which smacks of ostentatious goodness is apt to make them beloved by the pious of the Dominion. It matters not if Lord Aberdeen builds this chapel at his own expense; the very building of it, the supposed necessity for it, savors too strongly of ostentation. We are certainly delighted that Lady Aberdeen is disposed to address Women's Christian Temperance Unions, and Lord Aberdeen's willingness to reply to any address delivered on behalf of anybody by anybody, is already on file as an evidence of his anxiety to please. But I fear in my own heart that the thing is being overdone, and I am only trying to suggest in what I write that Canadians cannot be pleased by gush or expenditure, even if disguised in the carefully chosen words or easy manner of a cultured Scotch gentleman. We may have never before had anybody so great or so wealthy as Lord Aberdeen, but to the ordinary Canadian forty-seven of a retinue seems a trifle large; in fact, it looks excessive to the extent of at least about forty.

Here in Canada family prayers are said just before or just after breakfast, when the chairs are pushed back from the table, and the dining-room has been good enough for most of us to kneel in. The majority of us I imagine have heard our scripture lessons and the prayers of the sire or the grand-sire while the porridge was steaming on the table, and, I must confess, when I was thinking more of porridge than of prayer. That the Governor must have a little church built for himself, even at his own expense, strikes us as a little too feudal for a farming community. Moreover, it is hardly in accordance with what I hear whispered was his lordship's anxiety to give a grand ball in Toronto before he had even been received by and made acquainted with the citizens by a local host and hostess. Canadians are very anxious to have foreign money spent in their midst, even if it be only for gewgaws, and medals, and champagne, and charlotte russe, and music. But it might just as well reach His Excellency's ears that we are somewhat touchy with regard to being patronized, or what might perhaps be better phrased as utilized, in order to make a record for a diplomatic gentleman who is anxious to reach the next stage under the crown, that of Governor-General of India. Lord Dufferin could do it, and did do it, but that is no reason why he should find imitators who before they can understand the sentiment of the country are just a little too ready to spend unlimited sums of money and undiluted masses of flattery on each and every creed and race. I presume I shall find angry critics to chasten my spirit for having made these suggestions, and yet I make them in the kindest words that I can find and with none but the best intentions. Of one thing I feel sure, if he had come to us in the same simple and kindly manner which characterized his last visit, Canada could not have been too enthusiastic. I think the majority of my readers will feel with me that a Governor-General is much safer in under-doing it than over-doing it.

The new waterworks scheme is receiving many adherents. Some of the newspapers are urging that the tunnel should be commenced forthwith; others feel that it might be wise to enquire a little further. Now that the Hurontario ship canal bubble has bubbled, I respectfully call the attention of the City Council to the fact that a gravitation scheme bringing water from Lake Simcoe can be had without costing the city a cent, that capital can be found for building it, and that eventually it would be the greatest boon ever conferred upon this or any other locality. All the power for manufacturing, lighting, and purposes of loco-

motion is found in this scheme, and these were the features which seemed to dazzle the eyes of many of the aldermen and citizens in the impracticable project which has just been laid away. Over half a million dollars is being asked for the new scheme; why should not the city accept the work of private enterprise which will not cost us a cent and would leave all the mains, branches and taps under the control of the city? Why not, I ask the Council again, arrange and have the water run downhill instead of engaging in the expensive task of pumping it uphill? The whole thing is so obvious, so simple, so practicable, that it necessarily finds little public support. The same scheme when coupled with a gaseous contrivance for bringing ships across cow pastures has found favor. Why should not this other scheme be discussed without the nebulous impossibilities of the other? It must come, it is coming; it is merely a question whether we waste another half or three-quarters of a million dollars on the old scheme, which means nothing but water—water procured under the most unfavorable circumstances. It furnishes the city with no power; there is nothing in it to make the city attractive, to boom its manufacturing and shipping facilities. It is simply an expedient, a make-shift, one of the tuppenny-ha-penny contrivances which for the last fifty years have kept us always in the hole and left us choking in the dust of the procession that passed us.

The opposition to the purchase of Upper Canada College grounds for a central park comes from an unexpected source, inasmuch as the newspaper just now stricken with an economical fit ordinarily urges the expenditure of money in almost every direction. The public are aware that this "large notion" of public affairs is ordinarily attributable to the idea that some of the cash will drift into the cash-box of the paper

per and progressive expenditure, for they know the sponser we assume our proper position the sooner will their assets be available.

Buying the park—even if a hotel be put in the center of it—is a good speculation. Sit around the table, my friends, and let us calculate it. Supposing it costs three or four hundred thousand dollars and we have a very small principal to pay interest upon, and good times come back, we are offering no guarantee to those who sell the land that it will always be a park. The only guarantee the public have is that the park is necessary and that the people will insist upon retaining it. If ten years from now we desire to sell it we will make money out of it; we all hope to be alive then and share the profit. A park produces on its environs residential rather than business streets; it will stay the progress of the town westward and hold the business east of Simcoe street. Those nearest the park will have the advantage, because westward the tide of business takes its way, and will always take its way. The whole tendency of Toronto just now is to centralize. It is for the best. Let us pull our feet under ourselves and make this center of the city what it ought to be; we have been sprawled out too much. Electric cars have brought the business to the heart of Toronto and are apt to extend the residence portions. We can afford this park and Harbor Grove Park, and a half a dozen little parks or squares. While we are putting the city in debt and signing drafts on posterity we have a right to consider their interests, and we are doing little enough if we give them some parks and little squares. If we do not give them this small return for what we are asking them to pay, we are not being just. Let the park scheme go through and do not, for goodness' sake, let us gnash our teeth for fear a hotel might be put in the middle of it. All we must demand is that it shall be the finest hotel in Canada. If such a hotel is built we can afford to let the guests ramble on the city's soil. As it is, the guests that would ramble there are summering and wintering somewhere else.

The assassination of Carter Harrison, Mayor of Chicago, was an unexpected and horrible thing, but his dreadful "taking off" does not seem to engross the public attention so much as the question of what shall be done with his assassin. I think I shall be entirely consistent with what I have previously written if I say that the wisest and most economical thing to do with the man who killed him is to "remove" him, as Mr. Guiteau would have put it. For fear that he is not insane it would be wise to hang him; lest he may be insane and consequently kill other people, it would be wise to hang him; consequently, it seems to me, it would be wise to hang him anyway. He is of no use to the community and as horrible examples apparently have to be offered, Chicago never had better material to stretch a rope than is found in the person of Carter Harrison's assassin. Assassination is too common and it discourages men from pursuit of public office to think that cranks are apt to make them a likely target for their bullets. Very frequently we make sacrifices to the god of peace and order; why should there be any objection to offering up murderously crazy men and crazy women who have evidently dismissed their souls and are living a mere animal and disturbing life. I think I have heretofore proven in various articles that we hold human life very cheaply, consequently I think it is almost apity the mob did not lynch ex-Policeman Prendergast; they would have been excused as having in a moment of passion done that which in a moment of reason a certain sentimentalism forbids. I think there would be fewer murderous cranks if they

knew the way of assassination led but to the grave. Carter Harrison's career was singularly successful in a way. He knew how to be Mayor of Chicago, and that is knowing a good deal; he knew how to handle the people; he did not try to be any better than his surroundings; he could afford to deride the influence of the pulpit and the press, and he proved that the man who could go a step further in demagoguery than either could be master of the situation. His was not a great career but it affords a lesson to those who have tried to recreate the world, that the only road to success is by utilizing the so-called worst elements, organizing them solidly and opposing an everyday friend to people who have on their Sunday clothes.

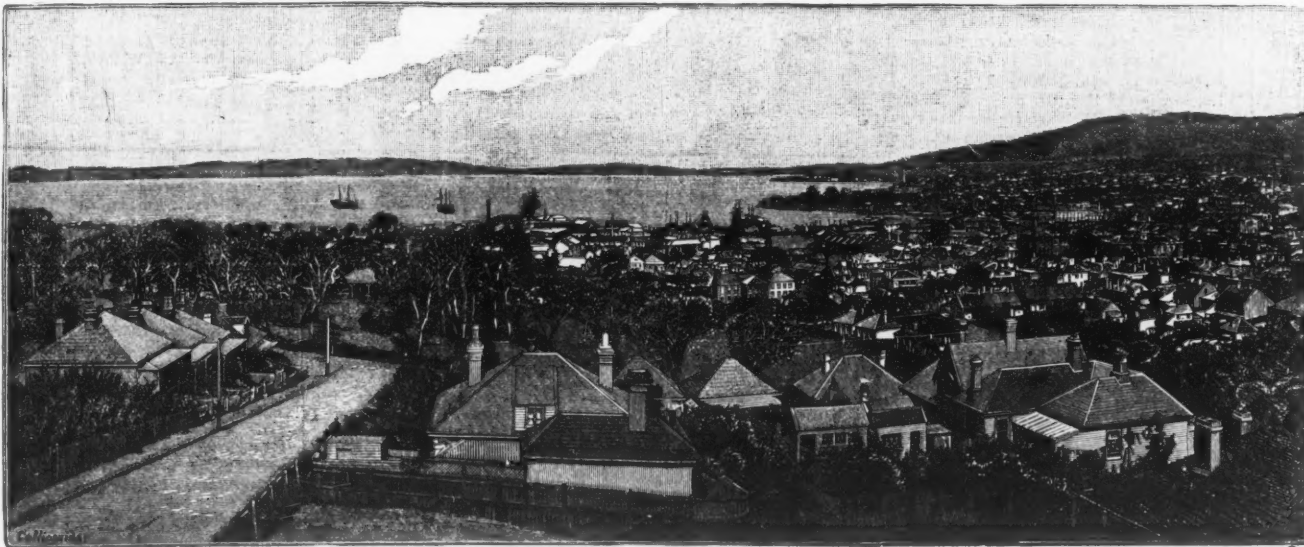
It seems to me that many of our newspapers hunt for the worst features of city life and attribute the worst motives instead of trying to excuse the manifestations of humanity which must mark every great city. One newspaper calls the students "rowdies," and another calls them "fools," because they had a little merrymaking on Hallowe'en. This is not the right way to treat the boys. This is a students' city; we are glad to have them here, for we very well know that they contribute to our prosperity and are the most valuable agencies in establishing Toronto as the intellectual center of Canada. We can afford to give them a night once a year and have some of the palings pulled off our fences and our ears made ache with the discordant tooting of their horns. The theater, too, gets a big assessment out of the boys, and there is nothing I like more than being in the opera house when the students are there; they are always funnier than the play and the sensation of so much life and energy tearing itself loose makes me feel like a boy. Esthetically

gest to myself what phases of sin he intends to defend. I have come to the conclusion that he will have large audiences, and that in none of them will there be an auditor who has not some favorite sin that he or she would like to see defended. Philosophically speaking, it seems to me wise that there should be an investigation made into what we call sin. We hear oceans about goodness, yet we have the haziest sort of a notion as to where goodness ends and sin begins. If we could have a photograph of the line fence between goodness and sin, it would be the most tangled up, crookedest, jog-around fence that was ever seen, and yet no individual would recognize the photograph as being the land marks of his or her own life. In some places we would have our fence away in on the line of goodness so far that grass would grow and nations live on the sin side of our fences and still be within the territory of goodness. In other places our fence would go away down to the foothills that are supposed to be blackened with soot from the lower regions. They would not dodge up and down in the same places. We build around our virtues and build away below our vices, and yet each one of us holds the opinion that that is the line fence between goodness and sin.

Nothing has ever caused more trouble in rural places than the old line fence lawsuit, where they start by getting the fence-viewers and county officials to come and arbitrate, proceed further to a lawsuit and then get shotguns and sit on the rails, ready to pump lead into anybody that will move the fence or disturb the flow of the water. It is so with the line fence between goodness and sin; we are all ready to fight for our own notions, and it seems to me that certain phases of sin may not have had a fair show in the dispute. If Oscar Wilde has anything to offer that will make us a little more gentle to wards one whom we consider an erring neighbor, he will do good. We can all be sure that he won't disturb the old-fashioned notions, because our ideas are rooted deep that this thing is wrong and the other thing is right, and very much of the pleasure of doing the wrong thing comes from our knowledge that it is improper. Philosophically speaking, it is a taking subject, and the Knight of the Sunflower and the apostle who has done much to teach the world that because a thing is cheap it is not necessarily un-beautiful, will be listened to with interest if not with profit.

The death of Sir John Abbott has not even made a ripple on the surface of Canadian politics. How saddening it must be to public men to see this clean-minded and gentle man pass away from the scene of an industrious and successful career, with nothing but a few perhaps meaningless compliments upon his life's work. Had he been Premier at the time of his death every politician in the Dominion would have been disturbed, anxious or hopeful. Dy-

ing as he did when he was out of harness, it was felt necessary by the organ of the Conservative party to go into mourning, and the newspapers feel it incumbent upon them to say some pretty things about what he accomplished. I put it down on my list of subjects because it is an event of the week, yet I know it does not disturb me in the slightest. I do not feel any great welling up of sympathy inasmuch as he passed away in the fullness of years and honors, and we must all die some time. I think I can appreciate the sentiments with which others write, for the announcement is really as meaningless to us as the ordinary death notice in the obituary column. We all know that to his family and to those near and dear to him his death means tears and sincere sorrow, yet that is all. And so must we all die, and it is in contemplating the passing away of a great and good man like this who has had much to do with the affairs of the Dominion, that we discover how empty all the honors are, what little effect even having been Premier of the country has. Yet there are men who have wasted all their substance trying to be aldermen in cities and towns, where they will be forgotten within thirty days after they are dead. I am convinced that they neglect the beauties and sometimes even the proprieties of private life in order to get into sight for a few short years. Then comes the obituary notice, and probably a canning factory will be built where they used to live and weeds will grow where they are buried. Occasionally a monument may be built to celebrate the deeds of a great premier, yet when we look up at the figure on the pedestal and think that the man has crumbled to dust, and that history is probably saying as mean things about him as any of his enemies did when he was alive, we have a right to wonder whether there is anything in it. I believe I would rather have the eyes of one affectionate friend fill with tears when he thinks about me after I have been than have a monument five hundred feet high.



VIEW OF HOBART, TASMANIA.

In question. Its opposition to the central park idea is also suspected to have its origin in the non-connection of the deal with some profitable advertising. The man who strikes good times is apt to become extravagant, and when he strikes hard times he is not at all unlikely to become mean. Neither course is businesslike. In good times we should restrain ourselves with a view of the evil day that cometh later; in hard times we must not be too frugal lest the good day cometh never. Toronto is having a spell of depression, and if it desires to compare the word "depressed" and make it "more depressed" and "most depressed" and "depressed into a hole," it has simply to sit down in the sand, cover itself with sackcloth and ashes and say, "We have not a dollar for anything." Such a spectacle will of course impress the entire country with the unutterable misery of our position. We are in no such sad straits; Toronto is still a gay and festive town; its sons and daughters marry and are given in marriages and the presents are "numerous and costly," and the bride is "charmingly attired," as of yore, and we have plenty of balls and parties "numerously attended" by "the most fashionable people." The dry-goods stores have their doors open and the finest goods in America are offered for sale and find plenty of customers. There is nothing the matter with Toronto but a little fit of colic, a nervous reaction after a real estate spree. We can afford to buy parks just as well as we ever could. Frederick the Great built the finest palace in Prussia when he had to melt down his gold tea-pots to get money, and he did it to impress the other nations that he had not "gone broke." If our affairs were being handled by anybody except junk men we would have evaded the horrible spectacle that we have made of ourselves in the eyes of investors. Toronto is rich and prosperous; some of those who are richest can hardly find money enough to pay their taxes, but it is only for a few years, and they are not the ones who are kicking against pro-

their performance is not beautiful; practically it is one of the best advertisements the city has. We should not get so awfully nice-piecy and goody-goody as to berate the students and encourage the police to break their heads when they go out for a little jollification. No doubt rowdies get amongst them; one of the arrests showed that the stone-thrower was not a student at all. But, bless us, this is not a graveyard, it is a city, and we should bear with patience if not smile with approbation on the pranks of the boys who will be the men before many years. I look back upon my own student days—and they were too few, unfortunately for me—with delight. I am proud to say I could always be counted on to screw down windows and barricade doors, and have even had the charming task allotted me of dropping red pepper down chimneys. I beam with pride to think of the immense fun I have had in kangaroo courts, and with what undiluted delight I have listened to freshmen delivering orations while standing up to their chin in the river. It did the freshmen good, and I am of the opinion that cane rushes and hazings, if not carried too far, are good institutions. I for one do not believe in bringing up pudding boys having nothing more stirring in their student days than a cake walk or a bun fight. I know right well that they will have something livelier than that before they get through life, and a smashed hat or a torn coat, or even a black eye or the loss of a tooth is a very mild introduction to the battle that boys will have to go through before they die. When I see some of the dough-faced, pimply boys that fond mothers are preparing for life's failure, I feel that I would like to be on a campus again and help give "the rush" and "the hustle" and help make men out of them.

Oscar Wilde is coming over here to deliver a course of lectures in excuse of sin. This is horribly heterodox and I have been thinking about it for a month, trying to sug-

== SEND IN YOUR ORDERS AT ONCE ==

The committees of the Board of Trade, City Council, Ratepayers' Association and Trades and Labor Council have united on a scheme of civic reform. The most conspicuous feature of their report is an entire separation of the legislative and administrative functions of the city government. I do not think the method they suggest is by any means complete, yet they have gone straight to the heart of the subject and should have the assistance of every right-minded citizen in their endeavor to change what is now a miserable and unworkable arrangement.

The reception accorded to the tyrannical Russians by Republican, liberty-loving France has probably been the most ridiculous thing in international history. France must have felt herself to be almost friendless amongst the Powers or she would not have made such a crazy exhibition of delight when Russia condescended to visit her in state. It is almost inconceivable in this climate that men would so far forget the dignity of wearing grown people's clothes as to rush up and hug foreign sailors in the street, and chatter and canter and cavort around as if they had found a long lost brother. It is too stagey for anything; it was hysterical and made France more absurd in the eyes of the world than even the whipping that Germany gave her. A very good man may get thumped once in a while, in fact is sure to get thumped if he too persistently looks for trouble, but nobody out of knickerbockers and pinafores is expected to make what the boardinghouse-keeper called a "huge, hideous mass of itself." Russia does not propose to do anything for France that is not conducive to the welfare and longevity of the Czars, and all the huggings and hand-shakings and sentiment are but the froth on a very dirty tub of suits.

Social and Personal.

The wedding of Miss Kate Fleury DuMoulin and Mr. T. Alder Dickson Bliss was the leading matrimonial event of the week. The parents of the bride as well as the young lady herself are among the best known of Toronto's leading people, and the shoals of wedding presents showered upon the bride by friends in every city of Canada and the hearty expressions in the same form from well-wishers in Toronto attested the esteem and affection in which she is held. Miss DuMoulin's wedding gown was of ivory Irish poplin, brocaded with shamrocks and imported from Dublin for the event. She wore a veil and orange flowers and carried a white ostrich feather fan. The bridesmaids were Misses Mary DuMoulin, Brough and Maud Betts of Kingston, who were gowned in yellow crepon with ribbon garniture, and carried shower bouquets of yellow chrysanthemums. Three little maids of honor, Misses Frances DuMoulin, Olive Bradshaw and Willa Brough, wore frocks of white crepon and large white hats with trimmings of fur and feathers, and chrysanthemum bouquets. The church was exquisitely decorated with an arch of cut flowers and smilax, from which depended a floral marriage bell. The best man was Mr. Eyre Burrow of Quebec, Messrs. Philip, Edward and Walter DuMoulin, Alan Sullivan, Wilnot Strathy and Dr. Crawford Scadding acted as ushers. Canon DuMoulin and Rev. Mr. Boulden performed the ceremony. Mrs. DuMoulin looked remarkably stately and handsome in black satin, with white ostrich boa. Mrs. O'Brien was a picture of a *grande dame* in black velvet and lace. Mr. C. B. DuMoulin led the bride to the altar and gave her away. The bridegroom's gift to the bride was a very valuable pearl ring, and to the bridesmaids pins representing golden bees. The choir rendered a beautiful special service.

Another very pretty wedding took place in St. Luke's church on Tuesday last at two o'clock, when Miss Mirna Irvine, youngest daughter of Mr. E. A. Meredith of Rosedale, became the bride of Rev. Alfred J. R. Rid, formerly curate of St. Luke's and now rector of Bathurst, N.B. The church was beautifully decorated with flowers and palms. Shortly after the appointed time the bride entered the church with her father and proceeded to the chancel steps, where the groom with his best man, Rev. Mr. Lowe of Kingston, was in waiting. The bride was preceded by her bridesmaids, Miss Madeline Meredith, cousin of the bride, and Miss Ethel Morphy. The service was choral and the ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Langtry and Rev. Mr. Roper. The bride looked lovely in a dress of white corded silk, the bolice and skirt being profusely trimmed with beautiful lace; the veil was very long and was run with silken threads. She wore a pearl necklace and carried a lovely bouquet of bridal roses. The bridesmaid's dresses were of white crepon trimmed with narrow white ribbon, Napoleon hats of white felt, trimmed with white tips, and they carried bouquets of pink chrysanthemums and wore pearl crescent pins, the gifts of the groom. After the ceremony a short reception was held at Rosedale, where a very large number of beautiful presents were much admired. Mrs. Meredith, mother of the bride, wore a very stylish costume of hunter's green cloth with pink vest and bonnet of pink and green; Miss Meredith, maroon cloth suit trimmed with sable; Mrs. Arthur Meredith, prune velvet trimmed with bear and bonnet to match; Mrs. Willie Ramsay of Hamilton, a very stylish suit of dark brown; Mrs. Decker, heavy black watered silk, sable mantle and a lovely little jst bonnet; Mrs. Holmsted, a very stylish suit of black and white; Mrs. Clarkson Jones, black silk with black and pink bonnet; Mrs. Maule, black lace and small black and green bonnet; Miss Lily Maule, stylish costume of blue and white with a black picture hat and black feather boa; Mrs. W. R. Meredith, black silk and a black jst bonnet with pink tips; Miss Constance Meredith, a lovely costume of Nile green and pink, large picture hat, gold lace and tips; Mrs. Street-Macklem, pearl gray costume, trimmed with pink and black, white feather boa; Mrs. (Dr.) Johnson, a stylish tailor made suit of green, crimson vest and large hat. Among others were the following guests: Judge, Mrs. and Miss Osler, Mr. and Mrs. Langmuir, Mr. P. W. Jarvis, Dr. and Mrs. Spencer, Mrs. Wm. Baldwin, Miss Baldwin,

Mr. E. and the Misses Morphy, Mr. and Mrs. J. French, Dr. and Mrs. Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. F. Lightbourn, Mrs. and Miss Langtry, Mrs. Pepler, Rev. A. J. and Mrs. Broughall, Mr. and the Misses Kemp, and Messrs. Harcourt, Broughall, Henderson, Ord, Bedford Jones and Master Allen Meredith.

On Tuesday morning last at the pretty little church of St. Mark's, Toronto Junction, Rev. Edgar W. Pickford, incumbent of St. John's, Havelock, Ont., and Adelaide Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of Rev. Charles E. Thomson, rector of St. Mark's, were married. Long before the bridal party arrived at the church, which was beautifully decorated with flowers, the sacred edifice was crowded to the doors, and when the bride did arrive, led by her father, she made her way to the chancel steps with no little difficulty. The bishop of the diocese officiated, assisted by Rev. Provost Body of Trinity College and Rev. Canon Tremayne of Mimico. The wedding service was fully choral, as was the communion service which followed. The bride's dress was a lovely gown of white silk, and she wore a tulle veil surmounted by a wreath of natural flowers and orange blossoms. Her bouquet was of white Marechal Niel roses. The bridesmaids were Miss Paget, daughter of Dr. Paget of Elora, and Miss Gribble. There were also two wee maids of honor, Misses Amy Laughton and Olive Thorne. The bridesmaids wore violet nun's cloth dresses, Directors hats trimmed with violets, and gloves and shoes to correspond. The sweet little maidens, Amy and Olive, were daintily attired in Empire dresses and carried baskets of lovely flowers. The groom was attended by Mr. Leonard Baynes Reed and Mr. W. Colborne Thomson. The presents to the bride and bridegroom were numerous and all very useful. Among them were a set of silver cellochettes from Bishop and Mrs. Sweetman, a handsome clock from St. Mark's congregation, silver spoons from Mrs. Geddes, and many others too numerous to particularize. Among the ladies present were: Mrs. Thomson, mother of the bride, who was tastefully gowned in slate-colored cashmere; Mrs. Henry Thomson's tall figure looked well in a fashionably made mauve gown; Miss Weatherstone was charming in cream-colored cashmere, while the Misses Wakefield, Alley, Gilbert and Rutland were all pleasingly attired. A reception was held at Canobie, Davenport, the residence of the bride's parents, immediately after the ceremony. Among a very large company were: The Bishop and officiating clergy, Rev. F. Tremayne of Irlington, Mr. W. Creswick, Mr. R. C. Caswall, Colonel Gilkison of Brantford, Mrs. Canniff Austen, Mrs. Geddes, Miss Thompson, Mrs. Malpas and others.

A pretty house wedding took place on Wednesday evening of last week at 143 Mutual street, when Mr. Wm. McCarty, city accountant, was united in marriage to Miss Jennie Pirie, daughter of the late Mr. Geo. Pirie of Guelph. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Wild, assisted by Rev. Dr. Sims and Rev. Dr. Ball. Miss Ada Pirie acted as bridesmaid, while Mr. Harry Leeson was groomsmen. Mr. and Mrs. McCarty left by the 7.20 train for Chicago and other Western cities.

A very pretty wedding took place in St. Clement's church on Wednesday night, October 25. Rev. Canon Osler officiating. The contracting parties were Mr. Leonard Pears, brother of Mayor Pears of Toronto Junction, and Miss E. Tattle, organist of the church, and daughter of Mr. Tattle, Forest Hill. The bride was presented with a bible by the church and a hymn book by the choir.

Hon. E. Blake, M.P., sailed from New York for England last Saturday.

Mr. Walter Pitt of the White House, Canon Frome, Herefordshire, England, has been spending some time with his cousin, Mr. Stapleton Caldecott of Bloor street.

Mr. W. F. Maclean, M.P., left for New York on Friday last.

Mayor Fleming left on Saturday last for the World's Fair.

Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Schultz of Manitoba arrived in Toronto on Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Whittemore of Church street have returned from Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Coleman and Miss Lottie Coleman of St. George street have returned from the World's Fair.

Dr. J. O. Orr has been appointed assistant surgeon in the central London throat hospital, Gray's Inn Road, under Dr. Lennox Browne, the well known throat specialist, who succeeded to the practice of Sir Morell McKenzie.

Miss Maud Seales presented Lady Aberdeen with a bouquet of lovely chrysanthemums at the Women's meeting on Friday afternoon.

Miss Grant of Ottawa is visiting Mrs. Hesketh of Parkdale.

Miss Maynard and Master LeClair Atkinson were at the World's Fair recently.

Mr. George Bruenech gives an exhibition of his summer work at Matthews, 95 Yonge street, this week and next, which is well worth a visit.

Mr. Ambrose Small, and his sister, Miss Florence Small, have just returned from the World's Fair.

Mr. Dan Small has returned from the World's Fair.

Some eighty couples attended the fifth annual At Home of the Amateur Club last Tuesday evening (All Hallowe'en), in the Masonic Hall, Parkdale. It was the best and most successful affair yet held by the club. Among those wearing handsome costumes were: Miss Guest, old gold satin and diamonds; Miss Bieck, cream silk; Miss Webster, Nile green; Miss McGregor, black satin; Miss McNally, cream with lace; Miss Curtin, cream benetria with Nile green silk; Miss Lufamme, cream with gold; Miss Forestall, pink with pale blue; Miss Pearson, cream; Miss Brown, cream;

Miss Clark, cream with lace; Miss L. Curtin, black silk and lace; Miss Murphy, black velvet and cream lace; Miss Cleary, black lace with ostrich plumes; Miss Joyce, bronze and cream. The hall was beautifully decorated, being one mass of flags and bunting. The energetic committee are to be congratulated on the success of the affair.

Mr. J. G. Macoun of the Bank of Commerce leaves on Thursday on a hunting expedition. Mrs. Macoun is spending a few weeks in Woodstock.

Mr. G. Luther Lennox, barrister, has returned to the city after spending ten days at the World's Fair.

Mrs. Worthington and her daughter, Mrs. Elwood, have just returned from Chicago and have taken Mrs. Brown's house, 306 Sherbourne street, for the winter, and will be At Home to their many friends every Monday.

The following letter from Captain Gordon has been forwarded to the Toronto College of Music, where its receipt gave much pleasure: DEAR SIR—In reply to your communication of yesterday's date, I am instructed to inform you that their Excellencies gladly accept the position of patrons of the College so cordially offered in your note under acknowledgment. I am, yours faithfully, ARTHUR GORDON, Governor-General's Secretary.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Bickell have returned from their wedding trip to the World's Fair and will be At Home to their friends on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, November 13, 15 and 17, at their residence, 141 Seaton street.

A number of the many friends and admirers of Prof. Goldwin Smith, who with Mrs. Smith left for England, assembled at the Union Station on Wednesday to wish him good-bye and a speedy return to Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Small of Sacramento, Cal., have been visiting at his home, 705 Spadina avenue.

Mr. A. T. McCord, who has for the past twelve years acted as chief agent in the Dominion for the London Guarantee and Accident Company, Limited, has in consequence of continuous severe illness resigned his appointment. The directors of the company, to mark their appreciation of his past services, have designated him Consulting Director for



C. D. Richardson.

Canada, in which high position his ripe experience and sound judgment will be of great assistance to his successor. Mr. C. D. Richardson, who was Mr. McCord's chief assistant, has been appointed to the vacancy, an arrangement which will no doubt be received with favor by the extensive connections of the company.

A large audience gathered in St. Stephen's schoolhouse on Monday week, the occasion being an At Home given by the Young People's Association. The duties of chairman were ably performed by the first vice-president, Rev. E. V. Stephenson, who opened the meeting by a short address. The piano duet by the Misses Michie, which followed, was well received. Miss Lapatinikoff charmed everyone by her rendering of the song, O Where is Heaven. Miss Birdie Hope received well merited applause for her first number, the dialogue between Sir Peter and Lady Teazle, and responded with A Woman's Question. Mrs. Cuthbertson sang in Paradise Way, in her usual pleasing manner. During the short intermission which followed, an opportunity, of which many availed themselves, was offered those desiring to add their names to the membership roll. Mrs. Lapatinikoff opened the second part by a piano solo, which more than pleased her audience. The association is certainly to be congratulated upon obtaining the services of a family possessed of such rare musical talent. Miss Hope then gave the Bishop and the Cow, and on being again recalled, the pathetic little story of Rockett's Christmas. Mr. Dawson completed the programme by two well rendered piano solos. The honorary president, Rev. A. J. Broughall, said a few words of welcome and encouragement, after which the Reception Committee were called upon to fulfil their part of the evening's entertainment, which although not encored was nevertheless much appreciated.

The game of Living Whist, which is to be played for the benefit of Grace Homeopathic Hospital on November 29, 30, and December 1, is quite an artistic affair and affords endless opportunity for the display of grace of motion and beauty of costume. The music which accompanies the spectacle has stately measures for the kings and queens, livelier ones for the more nimble spots, and hornpipes and flings for the jacks. The grand march into and around the hall is made by the cards in costume, headed by the four gentleman players. Then comes the shuffle, the cut, the deal, and the arrangement of hands, all accompanied by appropriate music, after which play

is commenced, and as the cards forming each trick meet in the center they dance as follows: 1, Waltz-minuet; 2, Frauentanz; 3, La Chasse; 4, Aurora; 5, Ruddygore hornpipe; 6, Highland Fling; 7, Bolero; 8, Hornpipe; 9, Minuet; 10, Sadova; 11, Grotesque; 12, Polka Francalle; 13, La Commande. Then they all march off, led by the players, with the winning tricks ahead of the losers. Afterwards the court cards return and execute a grand quadrille, and the spectacle is at an end. It will be a very elegant and interesting sight which no one should fail to see.

In spite of the unpleasant weather last Saturday afternoon fully three thousand people wended their way up to the Rosedale grounds to witness one of the most interesting matches and closest contests that has ever taken place in our beautiful lacrosse grounds. A goodly company of fair ladies were present, who grew most enthusiastic and appeared to understand thoroughly the mysteries of "punting," "scrimaging," "rushing" and "tackling." Their Rugby football education was a revelation to me. The Misses Jarvis wore pretty costumes of navy blue and fawn; Miss Riordan's fair face was almost hidden amongst seal and sable, while a piquant blue hat crowned her fair hair; Mrs. Henry Duggan wore a modish gown of black and white; Miss Milligan, black and large picture hat covered with black plumes; Miss McLean was sweetly pretty in black and scarlet; Mrs. Fraser Macdonald's fair beauty was set off by a becoming black gown and hat; Miss Cowan, golden brown; Mrs. Fahy, the fair bride from Penetanguishene, was clad in black and pink; Mrs. Vankoughnet, a stylish costume of black and white; Miss Livingstone of Rosedale, golden brown and most becoming little Paul Jones hat; Miss Blossom Kingsmill, a becoming combination of garnet and pink; Miss Reed, navy blue, trimmed with otter and small otter hat; Miss McNabb of Detroit, a stylish gown of seal brown and black.

Mrs. (Dr.) Aylesworth gave a quaint and pleasant little afternoon tea for young people on Friday, Oct. 27, from four to six. The hostess was assisted in receiving the guests by Mrs. Mathews and Miss Aylesworth. Among those present were: Mrs. Crowley of St. George street, Miss Johnston, Miss E. Shaw, Miss He-keth, Miss B. and Miss T. Mason, Miss F. Bryan, the Misses Anderson, Miss P. Bain, Miss E. Tenny, the Misses Foster, and others.

Miss Ethel Metcalfe, daughter of Mr. J. H. Metcalfe, M. P. P. of Kingston, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. E. Redgrave Doward of 112 Baldwin street.

Mr. Wm. Barry of Seattle has been visiting his mother, Mrs. Wm. Thorne of 678 Spadina avenue, and returned to his Western home on Thursday last.

Miss Helen King of Jarvis street is spending the autumn with her sister, Mrs. C. S. Wilbur, at Lakewood, the fashionable winter resort near New York.

Mrs. Cameron Brown will be At Home to her friends at 53 St. James avenue all of next week and thereafter on Tuesday of each week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Code have returned to the city and are receiving their many friends at 39 Sullivan street. Mrs. Code will be At Home every Tuesday hereafter.

Miss Alice Tait left on Saturday last for an extended visit to Goderich, where she is the guest of Rev. Murdoch Mackay.

Mrs. Bernard of Close avenue gave an impromptu evening for a number of friends on Friday of last week. A most delightful time was spent by all present.

Miss Katharine Ryan left on Tuesday for New York to visit her sister, Miss Susie Ryan.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Webb have returned from the World's Fair.

Amy Lee, daughter of Mr. J. N. Lee, 35 Harbord street, a little miss of eleven years, was awarded at the last Industrial Exhibition five first prizes and a bronze medal for her clever work in the Child's Art Department.

The St. George's Society, with characteristic enterprise, last year made a phenomenal success of Ye Olde Englyshe Fayre, thereby materially replenishing their charitable funds. This year the Society is again to the fore with a Costume Concert to be given in the Pavilion on Tuesday evening, November 28. The concert will be under the

Continued on Page Eleven.

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councillors, M. G. Stone; po Mr. G. B. W. and Mr. R. C. J. T. Blythe; judge and crit

The second sulted in the President, Mr. Miss Laird; Hodgson; tre Mr. W. J. Lan Merrick; coun Shaw, B. L. Clean; Judge, E. M. Graham phet, Mr. W. thorphe and Mr.

The sophom left over at follows: Post, J. L. Murray; Judge, Mr. W.

Lynde; artist, director, Mr. W. Mr. C. W. Cro and Mr. W. Mo

Last Saturday ball galore over

What with the Q and the Associat the afternoon, a teams in each at spent. Most 'Va

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Association is has a firm hold o and probable su champions is be morning was wite history of the car

Varsity Chat.

THE students as usual enjoyed a pleasant leave-taking of old October. All Hallowe'en was welcomed by one of the largest turn-outs of Varsity men of the past few years. And for good reasons. They had demolished the Normal School fence and by that act earned the thanks of the townsmen, but now they were bent on gownsman's scalps. Ever since the Varsity restoration there has been left standing an old tool-house east of the college for the ostensible purpose of storing the gardener's tools, and what the authorities had not the moral courage to remove the boys took in their own hands. "Coming events cast their shadows before," and as if with a premonition of the threatened dissolution, Varsity supernumeraries were busily engaged all afternoon with wheelbarrows in rescuing the contents from the spoliators' hands. In the evening after the opera the boys with one idea marched northward, followed by a corporal's guard of policemen, and headed for the grounds. Before the policemen could prevent it the sheds were practically demolished, windows smashed and sidings torn off by hundreds of willing hands, and if the powers that be do not soon remove them the boys will complete the rest of their contract. After this the usual line of march via Ladies' Colleges was pursued and the crowd gradually melted away. Long live Hallowe'en!

The "Varsity affair" was finally settled at last week's meeting of the Literary Society, the Society supplementing its former grant by voting the payment of the rest of the Varsity's debt. This leaves the new management a clear sheet before them. A considerable bank account in Varsity's favor was unearthed in the course of the investigation.

The Seniors held their elections last Tuesday and elected the following officers: President, Mr. E. T. Langley; 1st vice-president, Mr. W. M. Boulton; 2nd vice-president, Miss B. Cross; secretary, Mr. H. T. Kerr; treasurer, Mr. W. H. Pease; athletic director, Mr. D. M. Duncan;



Parker, S.P.S., High Pole Vault, 9 ft. 3 1/2 in. Instantaneous photo by W. A. Braun, '93.

councillors, Miss Wilson, Mr. F. D. Fry, Mr. S. G. Stone; poet, Miss Evelyn Durand; orator, Mr. G. B. Wilson; historians, Miss Topping and Mr. R. C. Dunbar; musical director, Mr. J. T. Blythe; prophet, Mr. T. C. M. Robertson; judge and critic, Mr. B. A. C. Craig.

The second year elections for this year resulted in the selection of the following officers: President, Mr. R. W. Allen; 1st vice-president, Miss Laird; 2nd, vice-president, Mr. J. E. Hodgson; treasurer, Mr. J. A. Rowland; secretary, Mr. R. J. Towers; musical director, Mr. W. J. Landers; athletic director, Mr. J. G. Merrick; councillors, Messrs. L. Sherwood, L. Shaw, B. L. Rutherford, C. C. Bell, W. McClean; judge, Mr. F. A. Young; artist, Mr. E. M. Graham; critic, Mr. A. Meighen; prophet, Mr. W. L. Rush; historians, Miss Cantorpe and Mr. A. R. Clute.

The sophomores filled the remaining offices left over at the last meeting of the year as follows: Poet, Mr. W. P. Reeve; orator, Mr. J. L. Murray; prophet, Mr. A. R. Hamilton; judge, Mr. W. J. McDonald; critic, Mr. C. J.



The Scrimmage—Varsity Queen's Rugby Match. Instantaneous photo by W. A. Braun, '93.

Lynde; artist, Mr. W. A. Braun; musical director, Mr. W. D. Scott; athletic director, Mr. C. W. Cross; historians, Miss O'Rourke and Mr. W. Mowbray.

Last Saturday the Varsity student had football galore over which to mourn or make merry. What with the Queen's match in the forenoon and the Association game with the Torontos in the afternoon, and the games of the second teams in each style of play, the day was well spent. Most Varsity men feel sad over the result of the Rugby match, especially when such a strong team had been got together—a team quite the superior of the men from the Limestone City, as was evidenced on a fair field last Saturday, but it is a case of hard luck and fates unpropitious.

Association is well in hand. The Varsity has a firm hold on the Central Championship, and probable success against the Western champions is before them. Last Saturday morning was witnessed a new departure in the history of the campus. The Athletic Associa-

tion secured permission from the Council to charge a fee for admission to the game, and quite a little pile of shekels is the result. This will help to lift the Association out of the hole which resulted from the Rosedale games.

AARON.

Trinity Talk.

THE proceedings of the annual meeting of Convocation to be held on the 13th and 14th inst., will be closely followed by all connected with the University. On the evening of the 13th the annual Convocation service will be held in the chapel, with a special sermon by Rev. John Kerr, B.D., of Montreal. On the 14th, at 11 a.m., the business meeting will be called to order, and from all indications the learned gentlemen have no light task before them. The most interesting and at the same time most important matter proposed for discussion, is that brought forward by Mr. N. Fessenden, on the advisability of the federation of Trinity University with the Provincial University, under the Federation Act of 1887. The question, as will be seen, is not a new one and has been the subject of a great deal of interest and speculation among the students as well. Several amendments of constitution are to be brought forward by Mr. Worrell, and the questions of increasing the number of Matriculation scholarships, and of founding scholarships in local centers, have been selected for discussion by the Executive Committee.

The first lecture of a series of six on the subject of Dante, his life and times, was delivered by Prof. Clark, D.C.L., on October 21, in Convocation Hall.

The first match in the inter-year ties took place on Tuesday, October 24, between '95 and '96. The freshmen played with the wind the first half, and by good rush work led by six points at half time. In the second half '95 showed up much better, especially in the back division, and eventually won by thirteen to six. Southam, O'Reilly and E. G. Osler played well for '95, White, Percy, Cartwright and Cooper showing well for the freshmen.

The first general meeting of the Athletic Association was held on the 21st ult., Mr. A. F. R. Martin, B.A., in the chair. The fee for divinity men was made \$3, and Mr. Gwyn was elected secretary, vice Mr. DuMoulin, resigned.

The annual Convocation Dinner Committee is at work making necessary arrangements.

The Banjo and Guitar Club has elected the following officers: President, F. A. P. Chadwick, B.A.; musical director, H. C. Osborne, '95; sec.-treas., C. H. Mockridge, '95.

Mr. Jas. Abbott, '92, whose home is now in Vancouver, B.C., was the guest of Mr. C. McInnes for a few days last week.

The question of federation with the Provincial University was discussed in the Literary Society on the 28th ult., Mr. Mockridge, B.A., and Mr. E. G. Osler, '95, for the affirmative, and Mr. Chadwick, B.A., and Mr. Davidson, '95, for the negative. The affirmative brought forward the best arguments and won.

RED AND BLACK.

Victoria University.

THE cosy little chapel looked very pretty on Tuesday evening on the occasion of the unveiling of the portraits of Victoria's great benefactors, the late William Gooderham and Hon. John Macdonald. The portraits of John Wesley, Luther, Newton and Milton looked down on a solemn scene when the dignitaries of the church and the Methodists of the city assembled to do honor to the revered dead. Rev. A. Carman, M.A., D.D., General Superintendent of the Methodist Church, occupied the chair. Rev. A. Burwash, S.T.D., Chancellor of the University, delivered one of his characteristically eloquent addresses in reviewing the life of the late Senator Macdonald, and Mr. H. A. Massey unveiled the portrait. Rev. John Potts, D.D., reviewed the life of Mr. Wm. Gooderham and Mr. Geo. A. Cox, after adding a few words of eulogy on the upright business life of the deceased, unveiled the portrait. Mr. Wm. Mulock, M.P., Vice-Chancellor of the University of Toronto, made touching references to his relations with the deceased, especially with Senator Macdonald, with whom in political and social as well as educational matters he was closely connected. Vice-Chancellor Kerr of our own University was received with tremendous applause by the undergraduates, and his earnest wishes for the success of new Victoria were cheered to the echo. Mr. J. W. L. Forster, to whom the execution of these works of art was entrusted, has succeeded admirably and produced "speaking likenesses" of the deceased noble men.

Another graduate of Victoria has been winning laurels for himself in post graduate work abroad. We refer to Mr. R. J. Holland, B.A., '87, who went to the University of Leipzig, Germany, three years ago to pursue a post graduate course in natural sciences. He has just completed his course by attaining to the degree of Ph.D., with high honors. Immediately on his return there was offered him a position in Clark University, Worcester, Mass., which he has accepted. Victoria congratulates him on his great success.

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Author of "The Great Mill Street Mystery," "Jacob's Wife," "Sir Anthony's Secret," "Under False Pretences," &c., &c.

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CHAPTER XXIX.

As soon as Felix returned to Southminster his first errand was to Marjory. He found her alone in the lodgings which she had occupied with Archie, looking worn and ill, but with an appearance of composure which at first deceived him. He told her the history of his stay in Liverpool, of his search for Archie at the docks and on board the steamers, and of his conviction that Archie had got away under a sufficiently transparent disguise in the big New York steamer which had sailed while they were still upon the watch.

Marjory started, and a faint flush rose to her pale cheeks. "You think it was he?" she said.

"I can't help fancying so," said Felix, "but of course we have no proof."

"Did you see the list of passengers?"

"Yes, but naturally Archie's name would not be among them. He is sure to have taken another name."

"The steamer was the Aurora?"

"Yes, and I have cabled a description of Archie to New York. The steamer will be met, and if he is on board we may reasonably expect to hear news of him then."

"And how soon will that be?" said Marjory eagerly.

"This is Thursday," said Felix, "but next Tuesday I think we may have some news."

"And if not?" said Marjory, her eyes dilating.

"If not," said Felix kindly, "we must continue the search we will advertise everywhere, and no doubt Archie will be on the look-out. Besides, as he promised to write you it will not be very long before you hear. Indeed, for some things," he added with a smile, "I am not sure whether it would not be better to do nothing but wait quietly until you have a letter from him. The very fact of the search might frighten him if it gets to his ears; he will think that we mean some harm to him."

"Perhaps so, but I feel as if I could not wait," said Marjory with trembling lips. "I feel as if some great mishap were coming to him or to me. I shall never be happy or satisfied until I see him again. One can't tell what may be happening to him when he is so far away, out on that wide waste of waters. Oh, I am afraid for him, I am afraid that he will never come back to me. Oh, Archie! Archie!" and she fell into such a passion of tumultuous weeping that Felix was appalled and knew not what to say. All he could was to assure her that no pains should be wanting on his part to ascertain where Archie might be concealing himself, that he would again cable to New York, advertise, send a man over to America to find her husband, do anything, in short, that would give her peace and happiness. Under the influence of these assurances Marjory gradually became calm.

"I will tell you what it is," said Felix. "You are just weak and nervous from living here all by yourself. You must come to Redwood Hall and stay with Aunt Mary for a bit. She will be delighted to have you. I shall not trouble you very much, for I shall have to go to London and shall only be back again and forwards now and then."

"No, no," said Marjory. "I could not come just now."

"But why not? There's the whole of that big house standing empty; Aunt Mary and I seem only to occupy a corner of it. I shall send Aunt Mary over and make her fetch you, and remember, Marjory, it is always a sort of home to you, and you are to look upon it in that light, just as you look upon me, you know, as a brother."

Marjory murmured some objections to which he would not attend, but sent Mrs. Hyde's promises, shortly afterwards, and Mrs. Hyde's persuasions proved more effectual than his had done. On the following day Marjory was comfortably installed at Redwood Hall and here it was arranged she should await Archie's return; for that he would speedily return Felix assured her there could not be the slightest doubt.

It was unfortunate, he thought to himself, that the newspapers that week were filled with stories of shipwreck and disaster. "Heavy weather in the Atlantic," was the headline of many a newspaper paragraph and a frightful hurricane was reported as sweeping the ocean between America and England. Felix tried his best to keep the newspapers out of Marjory's way and left stringent orders with Mrs. Hyde when he went to London that the *Times* was to be carefully mislaid. But his efforts were unavailing, for if the *Times* were not forth coming Marjory sent to Southminster for her paper and got hold of far more sensational accounts of the gale than she would have obtained in the soberer columns of the *Times*.

When Tuesday came, Felix returned from London to find Marjory haggard with anxiety, red-eyed with sleeplessness, and shivering at the sound of every blast that blew.

"Yes, there has been a storm," said Felix, sitting down beside her and trying to speak cheerfully, "but the Aurora is a very good boat and no ship of that line has ever yet been lost. Storms occur pretty often, you know, and on the whole there are remarkably few shipwrecks."

"They say that such heavy weather has seldom been known," said Marjory in a subdued tone.

"They always say that," observed Felix. "You must not trust newspaper reports. Besides, if anything happened to the Aurora, he went on cautiously, "we have no proof that Archie was on board that vessel. He may have gone by another."

"And he may have gone down, and we shall never know," said Marjory.

He laid his hand softly on her wrist. "Marjory, you must control yourself. Keep calm and wait patiently; it is the only thing we can do. The winds and the waves are not in our hands."

Marjory drew a long breath and turned away. "I do try to be patient," she said in a low voice, "but it is very hard, and I am so disturbed by frightful dreams I ever I do go to sleep, that I sometimes feel I would rather stay awake. I always fancy that I see the ship going down, and Archie struggling in the waves."

"You are nervous," he said to her with a manner of quite cheerful confidence, which he had of late assumed, "but you will be the first to laugh at your own fears when you hear that Archie is safe and well."

He saw that she was tranquilized for the moment, but that she was very much overwrought, and he trusted with all his heart that news of the Aurora would soon arrive. He scanned the newspaper eagerly every morning for a few days, but only ascertained that the Aurora was reported "late," probably delayed by the heavy weather, "missing," Rumors of wreck and calamity followed, and finally there came one morning the dreaded paragraph in large type which recorded the foundering, in a heavy storm, of the Aurora, with all on board, except two or three seamen, who had been almost miraculously preserved and ultimately picked up by a passing steamer which had brought them to New York. The one hope and comfort that remained lay in the possibility that Archie had not sailed in the Aurora at all, and Felix now regretted very keenly that he had allowed himself so positively to declare that he had been one of the passengers. It was a little difficult for him now to go back upon this statement. Marjory at first even refused to listen to the words with which he sought to relieve her anxiety. She read the narrative of the rescued seamen with harrowing anxiety, but from their lips

nothing of course fell which could indicate Archie's presence on board the ship. Some passengers were indeed mentioned by name, and a list of those reported drowned was immediately published in the newspapers.

To the friends of those on board, however, came a gleam of hope. It was reported that fragments of the wreck had afterwards been seen by those two sailors, and that passengers or members of the crew were still clinging to them. There was reasonable possibility that as those two seamen had got safe to land others might be saved in a like manner. The Aurora had struck on a sunken rock very near land and expectation was so far justified that two or three of the missing passengers did actually reappear with a terrible story of the sufferings of mind and body which they had endured before they came safe to land.

The stories of these survivors were eagerly read by Marjory and Felix. Unfortunately, none of the persons saved answered in the least to the description of Archie's appearance, which Felix had cabled to New York. Their names and histories were fully given. It was clear that Archie was not among them, and as the days passed it became more and more impossible that there should be any further news of the Aurora and its passengers.

"You ought to tell her," said Mrs. Hyde one day to Felix, "that there is no hope."

"I suppose there is none," said Felix, in a dubious tone, "only we are not quite sure, not at all sure in fact that Archie went by that ship."

"If he didn't," said Mrs. Hyde, "don't you think we should have heard of his arrival before now?"

"That is possible," said Felix, "but I don't think we are justified in saying to Marjory that we think he is lost."

"I wish you could do anything to rouse her," said Mrs. Hyde in a despairing tone. "She is in a state of depression which makes one sad to see her, and she is not at all well. I sometimes think she will not be with us long if she is not roused in some way. She seems neither to eat nor to sleep, and of course that state of things cannot last long. You have great influence with her, Felix, I wish you would try what you can do."

"I do not think my influence is equal to yours," said Felix, "but I will see her if you like, and talk to her a little."

He went therefore to the morning room which had been appropriated to Marjory's use since she came back to Redwood Hall, and found her sitting in her usual attitude leaning back in a large easy-chair, with her eyes fixed vacantly on the sunny landscape without. He spoke to her, and she looked up with a questioning air.

"You have some news for me?" she said quickly.

"No, I have no news."

"I suppose there is none to come," said Marjory with a sigh, until she added in a still tone, clasping her hands and looking out of the window again—"until the sea gives up its dead."

"Marjory, you should not fix your mind upon what is, after all, only a guess of ours. We don't know that Archie was ever on the Aurora at all."

"You were sure that he was before the news of the shipwreck came," she breathed, and for a moment Felix was silent, for he knew that that was true.

"I can't help it," said Marjory, rousing herself a little in the pause that followed, "I feel perfectly certain that Archie went in the Aurora, that he was one of the passengers who were lost. You need not ask me how I know, I could not tell you myself, but I feel certain, perfectly certain that it is so."

"I hope you may soon find that you are mistaken. You will have a letter from Archie by and by, telling you where he has been and what he is doing."

Marjory shivered a little. "I do not think so," she said quietly. "We should have heard before now if he had not been in the Aurora, and if he were in the Aurora you must know, as well as I do, that all hope is over."

The sadness of her tone was almost intolerable to Felix. He got up and walked to the window, then came back to her side and looked at her.

"Be more hopeful, Marjory," he said in a low, moved voice. "Is there nothing I can do for you?"

She shook her head wearily. "Nothing," she said.

"I have done my best already to procure information," Felix went on, "but if there were anything more—shall I send someone out to ascertain all that is possible to be known about the passengers? He thought that her eyes lightened with a sudden hope, and she turned them upon him, but the shadow fell again almost immediately.

"Nobody could tell," she said, "unless it were the people who were saved, and they have gone away most likely, and are scattered; and besides, only a person who saw Archie would be certain from the description whether he were on board or not."

There was a moment's silence before Felix spoke again.

"Shall I go myself, Marjory?" he asked gently. He saw that he had roused her then. A sudden look of surprise, hope and eager longing passed across her face; a bright light came to the sad eyes, and a momentary flush of color to the pale cheeks.

"You, Felix," she exclaimed. "Oh, no, no! that would never do. You could not."

"Why could I not?" said Felix. The idea took possession of him more and more as he saw how powerfully it appealed to Marjory's heart. "I should be the best person of all, because I know all the circumstances, and I should be able to identify Archie where perhaps anyone else could not. Besides, I am of great hopes that I may meet him myself, safe and well. I wonder I never thought of this before."

"You must not go, Felix," said Marjory almost nervously. "Think of the time it would take you, think of the voyage and its dangers. If anything happened to you—"

"Nothing! I trust I will happen to me," said Felix, "and as for time, I can spare it very well. I have long been wanting a run over to America, and this is a very good time. I am not going to take anything but a cheerful view of my expedition. Marjory, I shall probably bring Archie back to you safe and well. I believe we are distressing ourselves unnecessarily about him, and if there is anything of a different nature to be learnt, I, myself, on the spot, can learn it better than anybody else."

He laid his hand reassuringly upon hers as he spoke, but he was not prepared for the quick gratitude with which she carried it to her lips.

"Felix! Felix!" she said, half sobbing, "I don't know what to say. I only know that if anything in the world could give me comfort it would be your going, and yet it seems so selfish in me to wish you."

"There is no risk," Felix replied with his quiet smile. "Nothing beyond the ordinary risks of wind and water. Yes, Marjory, I see that this is quite the best thing for me to do. I will go to New York and will try to hunt up the passengers who were saved. From them I may be able to ascertain that Archie was not on that ill-fated ship. Keep up your heart, my dear. We will not look upon the dark side of things until we are obliged, and at any rate," he added to himself as he left the room, "certainty will be better for her than this suspense. I wonder I never thought of this plan before."

But the determination to which Felix had come was met by very determined opposition from other people. Given Mrs. Hyde was horrified and alarmed by his proposition to set off without delay to the United States. The narrative of the recent shipwreck had made her nervous about the sea and she felt quite convinced in her own mind that Felix would assuredly be drowned on the voyage out and that Marjory would be to blame.

"Marjory always is to blame," she said in her first moment of exasperation. "She is one of those unlucky people who never bring good to anyone." A sentiment which was very unjust towards Marjory, and of which Mrs. Hyde repented as soon as it was out of her mouth.

The Drummonds, also, very strongly disapproved of Felix's action. What were the Severnes to him, they asked, that he should undertake a voyage to America and back, in order to satisfy the scruples of a young wife whose husband had apparently abandoned her?

As for bringing Archie Severne back, it would be much better if Felix did not interfere with the affairs of married people. Mrs. Severne ought to think herself well off in getting rid of such a husband, and why this haste to ascertain whether he were alive or dead? If he were alive, he would be back upon their hands like a bad penny, before the year was out.

But these expostulations were very mildly spoken when Felix was present, for he was not the sort of man who allowed his relations to dictate to him what he should do. He merely said in reply to the rector's remonstrances that Archie Severne was an old friend of his, and that he himself was anxious about his fate, and it was very sad to see Marjory breaking her heart when a little careful enquiry would probably relieve her of all her fears. So before the week was out, he had set sail for the States and on the very day of his departure, Mrs. Hyde had no news of him. He cabled to them his safe arrival in New York, and in another week they received a letter from him, which, however, gave them little news, as it was written immediately after he had landed.

CHAPTER XXX.

"I am afraid your investigations have not brought you much success," Mrs. Hyde said to Felix, who was a keen-looking, serious-eyed man of business; tall, thin and lantern-jawed; with a rather small head and delicate physique, characteristic of certain types of the American citizen. Mr. Olcott was not only a lawyer, but a man of varied and intellectual tastes, and he became much interested in the Englishman, who, with what seemed to him a somewhat unusual amount of generous affection, had traveled so far in order to find out whether his friend were alive or dead.

Mr. Olcott had already invited Felix to stay at his house, but Felix had respectfully refused the invitation, as it seemed to him that he would be much more untrammelled in his search for information about Archie if he stayed at a New York hotel than in a private house at some little distance from the city. Mr. Olcott had already been of great service to him in finding out the two seamen who had been saved from the Aurora; but the men were stolid and stupid fellows, who knew almost nothing about the passengers, and had been unable, therefore, to tell Felix anything that he wanted to hear.

"I am sure you will be very successful, as yet, certainly," said Felix.

The two were sitting alone together in a private room. Nevertheless, Mr. Olcott lowered his voice a little as he proceeded.

"I came here to-day to tell you that I have found another of the survivors. He was a seaman, and he might be of some use to you. You may have some information about your friend. But the fact is, he is not by any means a very respectable character, and he lives in one of the lowest slums in New York. Are you willing to go there in order to see him?"

"Will you?" Of course, said Felix with some wonder. "I have been in some of the worst London slums, and I suppose that yours are no worse than ours."

"I am not sure of that," said Mr. Olcott with some appearance of reserve. "At any rate, I can assure you that you would not be safe there. You need not ask me how I know, I could not tell you myself, but I feel certain, perfectly certain that it is so."

Felix opened his eyes. "As bad as that?" he said with some interest. "Shall we have a policeman?"

"If I took a policeman," said Mr. Olcott drily, "we should probably never leave the place alive. No, I think you are safe with me. I am known there. I once had to defend a notorious criminal in his case, and I got him off. He and his friends have looked upon me as a 'pal' ever since. I don't know that it is a distinction," he added humorously, "but it is a convenience sometimes. Still, my friendship for the criminal classes, as they are called, is a thing which I generally speak about as a regret. I believe that I am the only respectable man in New York who could put his head into the den where we shall have to go with impunity. You are not afraid?"

"Afraid! I should think not," said Felix. "I am deeply interested in your friend, the steamer man, and I shall go."

Mr. Olcott nodded. "There are some queer tales about him, he said. 'He has lived down west a good while, but he is an Englishman, I believe, by birth. I have not seen much of him lately. I believe that he made money some time ago and lost it this week of the Aurora has ruined him.'"

"May I ask how you found him out?" asked Felix.

"I didn't find him out, he found out me," said Mr. Olcott with a slight smile. "He came to me about a business affair; he always comes to me when he is in trouble. I wanted to know if I could help him in a matter which he had at heart. I could do nothing for him, however, and it transpired in the course of our talk that he was one of the shipwrecked passengers from the Aurora, escaped by a miracle; he was a seaman, and he was a very sensible and was slowly doctored back to life."

"Did I see his name in the list of passengers saved?" asked Felix.

"Possibly, but that was an assumed name that is, I take it to be assumed. I could not find it in the list, and I know him as Jerry Strangways, but his name in the list appeared as Jeremiah Stronz. He is generally known among his friends, I think, as Jerry the Britisher."

"When can we see him? Shall we go to-day?"

"To-night, if you like. I told him that a friend of mine wanted to ask him a few questions about the shipwreck and about the passengers. He was very shy about seeing a man whom he didn't know, thought that it was a 'plant,' and that he was going to be arrested for some of his numerous crimes or misdemeanors. I had to give him my solemn word of honor that you were not a detective before he would promise to see you at all, and if you wanted him he said you must go to him for he would not come to you. He is a very surly sort of fellow," said Felix.

"Does he drink?" asked Felix.

"Drink! Like a fish! But he is more communicative when he is half-drunk than when he is sober. You must not ask him too many questions, let him talk in his own way. Wait, ten o'clock to-night. Don't bring your watch or any money. Put a six-shooter in your pocket, and carry a stick. That is the only advice I have to give you. I think I can answer for your being perfectly safe."

Felix waited the evening's expedition with considerable interest. He did not suppose that the man Strangways, or Strong, would have anything of importance to communicate, but he knew that it would be a satisfaction to Marjory if he could converse with one of the passengers who might possibly have come across Archie, supposing he had been on board the Aurora. It was a mere chance, but one which it would not do to miss, and besides, the expedition into the lowest slums of New York was not without a special interest to Felix, who had made it his business to learn as much as possible of the life of the poor in London.

SURPRISE SOAP

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Between ten and eleven, therefore, he and his friend Mr. Olcott found themselves in a foul, underground cellar which they had reached after traversing a labyrinth of lanes and courts, through which their course had not been untended with danger. At one point, they found a sinking, undersized figure had joined them with an undertone word of greeting to Mr. Olcott, to which he had pleasantly responded. From this point forward, they found it much easier to make their way. Mr. Olcott explained to Felix that this man was a notorious thief, a friend of Jerry Strangways, who had been sent out to reconnoitre and to bring the lawyer and his companion safely to Strangways' abode.

"I was looking out for him," the lawyer said in Felix's ear, "for Jerry refused to give me any directions. We are going through a part which I do not know in the least, but we are safe enough as long as this fellow is with us."

Through dark and tortuous lanes, therefore, they made their way, and at last, after diving down some stone steps, made their way into the underground den, which was tenanted by the late steamer passenger of the Aurora. The room was full of clouds of smoke, proceeding from the pipes of two or three men who sat at a wooden table playing poker with a very greasy pack of cards. A black bottle stood on the table between them, and the smell of spirits was strong in the air. One or two other creatures—Felix did not know whether they were men or women—lay crunched on the floor, where an occasional heap of rags seemed to serve for a bed. It was evident that, small as the room was, it formed a place of residence for several tenants. Jerry Strangways was one of the men who were playing cards. He sat in a wooden chair, and behaved in some ways as though he were the host for the occasion and the superior of his card-playing companions. He nodded sullenly when Mr. Olcott addressed him, and took no notice at all of Felix, save to regard him with suspicious eyes for a minute or two, but he ordered the men who were playing cards with him to give up their seats to the visitors, and enforced his command with one or two oaths which were a little stronger than the situation demanded.

"Well, Strangways," said Mr. Olcott in a friendly tone, "we want to hear about your adventures on board the Aurora. This gentleman here thinks he had a friend on board and cannot be sure. Perhaps you can tell us something about the passengers?"

Strangways had been looking critically at Felix. Perhaps something in his demeanor seemed to inspire confidence, for the man's brow grew a little less dark and he nodded to Felix with a civilly and said, "Servant, sir," in an unmistakably British manner. Felix looked at him attentively. Jerry Strangways' appearance was not prepossessing. He was a man of tremendous muscular strength. His broad shoulders and muscular hands gave evidence of that, but he was gaunt and sallow as if from the effects of the illness and exposure through which he had recently passed. He had a strong, massive, ugly face, with a thick black beard slightly touched with gray. The expression was unamiable but not altogether, Felix thought, evil. Indeed, he decided that if the man had not been disfigured by a broken nose and one or two scars upon his cheek he might have passed for good-looking. There was a curious grimace upon the set lips and strongly outlined jaws and a settled frown upon the low brow; yet, to Felix, there was something that told of sorrow as well as of ferocity in the half-savage countenance and he fancied that the man was capable of softer emotions than he ordinarily chose to show.

"Take a drink, sir," said Jerry, addressing himself to Felix. "You are from the old country, I'll warrant."

"And so are you, I think," said Felix, to whom the round rolling accents of the man's voice were pleasant after the sharp, thin American voices to which his ears had been growing accustomed during the past few days.

Jerry Strangways nodded. "Yes, I am British born," he said, "and South country. You're from the South country too, master, isn't you?"

"I'm from the South country, said Felix. "Do you know the place?"

"I've heard tell of it. I was never there. What might your name be, master?" he asked, still keeping his eyes fixed on Felix's face.

"My name is Hyde, Felix Hyde."

"Hyde, it's an easy name to remember. Well, sir, help yourself and pass the bottle. If you are a friend of Mr. Olcott's I know I need not be afraid of yer. Southminster," he repeated meditatively; "well, I believe I had relations living there once upon a time, but it's many a year ago. He poured himself out a fiery draught and drank it as if it had been water, but it seemed to have no effect upon him save slightly to loosen his tongue. He turned to Mr. Olcott, who was discreetly adding water to the small medium of rum which he had poured out into a tumbler. He had already intimated to Felix that they must at least pretend to drink with the man, or they would not obtain his confidence.

"Well, governor," said Jerry, "what do you want me to tell you? I sailed steamer passenger, as you know, in the Aurora from Liverpool, and there was nigh three hundred steamer passengers as well as me. I don't suppose that your friend, master, was going steamer, was he?"

"I believe he was," answered Felix, "but I can't be certain whether he was on board or not."

"Give us a sort of idea what he was like," said the man cautiously. "A gentleman, of course. Well, there was two or three of them chaps as might be called gentlemen, going steamer, that voyage. There was a young, dark-haired man, a bit shorter than you, always singing comic songs and running errands for everybody."

"That was not my man," said Felix shortly. "My friend was tall, light-haired, with blue eyes and a fair mustache. Was there anybody answering to that description in the steamer?"

Jerry shook his head thoughtfully. "I can't call to mind anyone like that," he said, "but there was two or three passengers that I scarce ever set eyes on, for they was seafish and wouldn't get out of their bunks. One of them might have been your friend, you see."

"That is true," said Felix, "with sinking heart. And the gentlemen that you speak of, do you think any of them were saved?"

"I know one as wasn't," said Strangways, "and that was the young man with the dark hair as sang comic songs. He was every where at the last, heartening up the women and nursing the children, and said a bit of a prayer, as I understand, when we thought we was going down, but you say that wasn't your gentleman."

No, it didn't sound like Felix's gentleman. Archie was capable of singing comic songs, but scarcely of "saying a bit of a prayer."

"Then there was some other chaps," said Jerry, becoming more communicative, but a little thicker in speech. "Commercial gents, I think, as played cards a good bit, but not so to speak what you'd call gentlemen in the old country. I know a gentleman when I see one, although I have lived twenty years in this damned old place where everybody calls himself free and equal. No, he couldn't be any of those fellows, I'm thinking. Leastways, they weren't chaps that you'd have made a friend of, sir, and that's all I can say."

Never mind whether you thought them gentlemen or not," said Felix, who had a suspicion that Archie would not come up to the standard advocated by this rough man. "Was there anyone among them who was at all like what I have described? My friend's name was Strangways, but I don't think he sailed under his true name."

"In trouble, eh?" said Jerry Strangways, with a swift look at Felix. "Well, there's a many gets into trouble, deserving it or not. No, I can't call any to mind that was at all like what you say, and as for the passengers that were saved, I can tell you their names, but I don't think I'll tell you."

"Yes, you are right," said that gentleman, "and those persons are all accounted for. I am afraid, Mr. Hyde, that we shall get no information here. Still, you would like to learn what Strangways can tell you about the wreck."

Again Jerry Strangways filled his glass and drank off the contents.

"It's a story I've not told to many," he said, "but I'll tell you now."

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leaning... cause it... I'll tell... He was... one of th... with him... "Why... as you ge... Jerry

leaning back in his chair and placing both hands on the wooden table before him, "because it don't do for those things to get too well known, but I've told it to Lawyer Olcott, and I'll tell it to you, if you like to listen."

He was interrupted by a coarse laugh from one of the men who had been playing cards with him, and who had not left the room.

"Why, you tell it every night, Jerry, as soon as you get a bit on," one of them remarked. Jerry broke out into a desperate objurgation of their folly.

"I've told it to nobody but Lawyer Olcott," he said, thumping the table with his hand. "and I will tell it to you, Lawyer Olcott and his friends. Dye think I want to ruin all my chances? I'll keep my story to myself. I will, and I'll have my revenge before long, if the man who killed my girl is still to be found by land or sea. But he's gone down into the water, same as my girl went, and may God's curse be heavy on his soul until the judgment day."

The man was evidently half drunk, but there was a certain solemnity in which he pronounced the last few words which impressed his hearers. The men shrugged their shoulders and looked away out of the room, leaving Felix and Mr. Olcott to listen to Strangways' story.

The single candle that had been fixed into a bottle standing on the mantel-shelf flickered and guttered in the draught, and cast long shadows on the filthy walls of the close little room.

Sitting there in the semi-darkness, Felix felt a certain weirdness in the scene which led him, perhaps, to attach more importance to Mr. Strangways' story than it would otherwise have attained in his eyes.

(To be Continued.)

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A Little Mixed.

The sermon had just been started, and not wishing to be rude he asked in a whisper, softly, "Is this pie occupied?"

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Wilhelm's Kindness.

The consideration and kindness which the German Emperor shows for Bismarck is not very great, when it is taken into consideration that Bismarck furnished most of the grandeur which the Emperor enjoys. William would have been small potatoes if it had not been for Bismarck. Offering the faithful servant the use of any of his palaces is, under the circumstances, somewhat equivalent to the kindness of the traveler who, finding himself and dog in a

wild country and out of provisions, cut off the dog's tail, boiled it for supper, giving the poor curttailed quadruped the bone.—*Texas Sittings.*

English Opinion

A writer in Herapath's London, England, Railway and Commercial Journal, of February 6, 1892, in an article on American Railroads, says:

"The railway system of America is vast. It extends to 171,000 miles, which, compared with our 20,000 miles, is big."

After commenting at considerable length on the comparative merits of various American railroads he closes with this remarkable sentence:

"The New York Central is no doubt the best line in America, and a very excellent line it is, equal probably to the best English line."

A Logical Deduction.

"Heaven can't be a place of rest and peace," remarked Mr. Henpeck, putting down the paper he was reading.

"What makes you think heaven will not be a place of rest and peace?" asked Mrs. Henpeck anxiously.

"Because Dr. Talmage says there will be three women to one man in heaven.—*Texas Sittings.*

To Columbian Exposition

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In the Cherokee Strip.

"Hello, Bill, how do you happen to be here?" "Traded a return ticket to New York for a farm."

"What are you doing now?" "Waiting for some other d—d fool with a return ticket.—*Life.*

Harvest Excursions

On August 22, September 12 and October 11, 1893, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Co., will sell tickets at standard single fare plus \$2 for the round trip from Chicago to points in Iowa, Minnesota, North and South Dakota, Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming and to points in Manitoba as far as and including Brandon. For rates of fare, time tables and full information send to A. J. Taylor, Canadian passenger agent Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, No. 57 York street, Toronto, Ont.

"Sh!" exclaimed Tommy, listening at the door, "there's company in the parlor." "How do you know?" enquired Willie. "Mamma's calling papa 'my love.'—*Tit-Bits.*

His Honor Convinced.

It has not been so very long since the old English court rules passed out of observance, and when they were in vogue nowhere were they observed more strictly than in South Carolina. The rules provided that a lawyer when he spoke in court must wear a black gown and coat, and that the sheriff must wear a cocked hat and sword. On one occasion a lawyer named Pettigrew arose to speak in a case on trial.

"Mr. Pettigrew," said the judge, "you have on a light coat. You cannot speak, sir."

"Oh, your honor," Pettigrew replied, "may it please the court, I conform to the law."

"No, Mr. Pettigrew," declared the judge, "you have on a light coat. You cannot speak."

"But, your honor," insisted the lawyer, "you misinterpret. Allow me to illustrate: The law says that the barrister must wear a black gown and coat, does it not?"

"Yes," replied the judge.

"And does your honor hold that it means that both gown and coat must be black?"

"Certainly, Mr. Pettigrew, certainly, sir," answered his honor.

"And the law further says," continued Mr. Pettigrew, "that the sheriff must wear a cocked hat and sword, does it not?"

"Yes, yes, Mr. Pettigrew," the court answered somewhat impatiently.

"And do you mean to say, your honor," queried Pettigrew, "that the sword must be cocked as well as the hat?"

"Eh—er—h'm," mused his honor. "You—er—continue your speech, Mr. Pettigrew."—*Courier Journal.*

Correspondence Coupon

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

SPOT—Please take a few years to grow up. Your writing shows traits which would horrify you. They are not you at all.

SWEET VIOLET—If this is intended as a graphological study, I must ask my correspondent to excuse me. I really cannot delineate a child's writing. There is no more character in it than in a blank paper. Wait, my pretty pools, wait.

NORMADA—Your writing is not formed enough to give you a satisfactory reading. You have ambition to rise, sense of humor, great curiosity and an enquiring mind. You are honest and sincere, careful and anxious for perfection, but you have not at all reached maturity in your various traits.

TOUGH—1. No such rule exists, there is no necessity for it. 2. You are a better fellow than your nom de plume. Tenacity of purpose, good reasoning powers, fair energy, sequence of ideas, some force of beauty and order, a rather matter-of-fact disposition, with a hopeful and pleasant streak and light but constant will are yours.

NITA GITANA—You are idealistic, impatient, but candid and somewhat over open to outer influences. Your will is shaky and your disposition a little capricious. You have ability but lack force and decision to develop it. Brace up, my gypsy friend, and put energy and character into yourself; then I'll find it in your writing. You are both good-tempered and forgiving, so I'm not a bit afraid of you.

TID, Carleton Place.—1. I give your address, as your nom de plume has rather puzzled me. 2. You are very talkative and have no idea of keeping a secret. Your manner is vivacious, and you are candid and even to double-dealing in any form. You lack tact and are prone to judge hastily and sometimes foolishly. I think I had better not delineate your character until your writing takes on more character. Please wait.

MONA.—1. If you had no answer to your former letter, it was because it was not received by me. 2. You are quick in temper, smart and active, fond of company and a clever sort of person, self-assertive, constant, a little faulty in method, but earnest in wish to do right; honesty, frankness and square dealing are good traits, as well as a certain sense of humor. Perhaps your name may betray your extraction. I don't think your letter was long and will be glad to hear from you if you ever need information I can furnish.

ELIZABETH CLARINDA—A rather bright mind, honesty, sense of honor, and a very amiable disposition are shown. You are careful and discreet, and at times cautious, not a person making indiscriminate friendships; with a light but constant purpose, capacity for much affection, rather a being to be led than to lead. You can turn to many occupations, having good facility, and your mind is generous and forgiving. You should make a noble woman, as you no doubt do. A very little more decision would be an advantage to you, as your will needs strength to be at the best.

SORROW.—I think you are ridiculous. Why on earth should you want to be a man, when you have the glorious privilege of being a woman? You deserve to weep for whispering such an idea. You say you know I prefer to study men's writing, clever child! How did you find out? Well, I'll tell you the reason because I never caught one of 'em wishing he was a woman! There is no artistic excellence shown in your writing, but there are several very good qualities. You could not steal or tell a lie; honesty, and truth shine in your lines. For the rest your hand is only forming and wouldn't give a fair study.

ODDITY.—I think you'd make a fine teacher. You stick to an idea and are so persistent and dogmatic. Don't you love to impart facts to those in need? Now, I am not laughing at you. I can almost see you teaching, but perhaps it is the last thing you want to set about. Your nature is strong, just, rather able, conscientious, and while careless over small details you are fit to grasp at large affairs. You are bound to improve yourself; no need to ask you to do so. You are just a little serious in manner and sometimes rather lacking in perception. But you have a fine, useful, honest character and generous and sensible views. I wish you every success.

A CORNET.—1. I do hope the change has benefited you, and that our Canadian climate has won a cure. It is very hard to be laid aside by physical inability, and pain is weary to bear. 2. Your writing shows great independence and self-reliance, energy, quick wit and no end of courage. Your temper is good, but somehow I think you care too much for appearances. You have perseverance, capacity for much affection, some idealism and decided force of character. I think you are reverent of all things sacred and have the true idea of life's responsibilities. A very great



J. M. DOUGLAS & CO., Montreal, Sole Agents for Canada

dislike to be disturbed, and a strong clinging to old ways and traditions seems yours. Your letter was not dismal. I should like you to write again.

C.D.H.—1. There's no trade secret about the matter. Copying to a certain extent formalizes the writing as reciting influences the natural tones. I don't quite understand your question. There is no reason given that I ever noticed. 2. Your writing shows much self-will and some independence of thought, a little carelessness and a very persevering purpose. Your will is not very marked, and you are apt to like novelty in certain matters. Very good temper, with a spice of quiet obstinacy, is yours. You are a trifle communicative and not always restrained by tact and sense. A slight impudence and a taste of discontent are yours. You do not care for the small elegances of life, nor are you sentimental. At the same time your mind is logical and your judgment good.

FRANK, Port Hope.—Your questions are anything but foolish. 1. It depends upon the girl and the man. There are girls who should not go unchaperoned, and there are men who also need watching. Opinions must be guided by circumstances. Among very particular people, driving about with young men is never allowed as an unchaperoned amusement. 2. When a person is tired of reading novels, what should they turn to? History, biography, essays on some subject which is of general interest. Ask your bookseller for his catalogue and look over such works and select one you think will interest you. Then stick to it from title to finish. 3. Your writing shows refinement, honor, care, perseverance and discretion. It is not a striking study.

RADWAY.—1. I don't know why we should start the subject, "Is Marriage a Failure." You are the second who has suggested it, but the thing is not to be done. If it is a failure we don't want to talk about it; if it isn't, we ought not to suggest the idea. As to your remark that SATURDAY NIGHT alone, of all the Toronto papers, has not discussed it, I can only assure you that what has been discussed so fully, should need no more discussion. It is nice of you to say pretty things of SATURDAY NIGHT. Thank you. We all try to make a creditable sheet. 2. Your writing has much character, but lacks finish and freedom. You are orderly, careful, original and a trifle combative; your self-esteem is good, you are just and honest, lack intention, and your mind is not attuned to the pitch of which it is capable. With your natural cleverness and energy you should be a better study. Your affection is strong, and your temper is a little bit sensitive. You have ambition and should work hard to reach your goal.

BABYLON.—1. And so you were keeping house when you wrote me, little woman. I think it was lovely of you to pack the third mother off for a holiday. How did things go? If they went anything like your writing, Lord help them! Why, it goes every way and shows up all the time! Why, I tell you something: the very prettiest and daintiest woman in Toronto writes worse than you do; every time I see her and think of her writing it makes me augh; it made her laugh too when I told her about it. 2. You are fond of ease and comfort and your friends in a marked degree, and you haven't a particle of tact or



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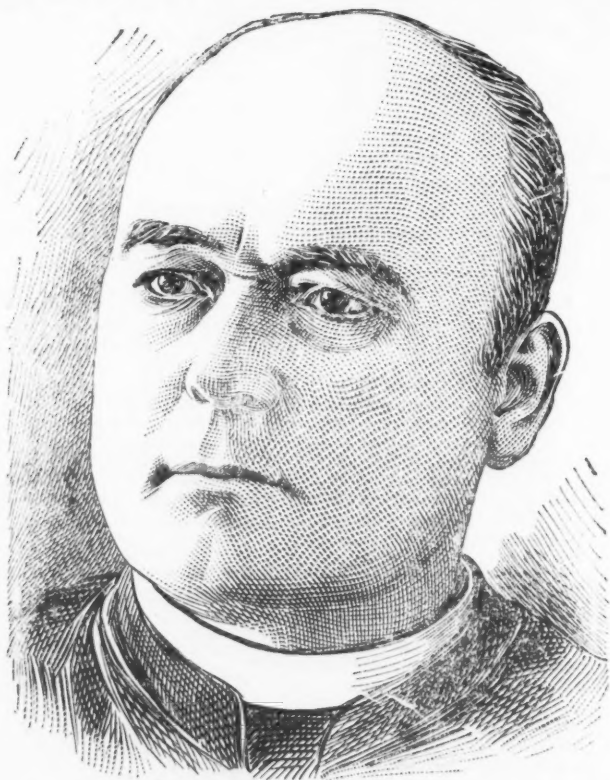
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Clergymen of all denominations have of late done much to benefit the health and general physical condition of our people.

Many good and right thinking men and women are of opinion that the faithful clergyman can in many ways show to his people the way of health as well as pointing them to the way of salvation.

Men and women in order to become good and active Christians, should first have bodily health and strength. If there is a possibility of getting these blessings, He or she who struggles with disease and pain has not power to actively advance the work of our common Master.

How mad and foolish—yes, hypocritical—to urge a starving and famishing man or woman to give up worldly thoughts and sins and look for the peace that cometh from above. To do good the pangs of hunger must first be appeased; then will it be in order to talk of things spiritual.

In like manner should clergymen and all good church people deal with the sick and suffering. They must first be relieved of physical agony, before the sin-sick soul is directed to the great Physician. It is cheering to know that our clergymen and many true church people recognize this fact, and are doing a quiet but grand work for those in agony and disease.

Ministers and priests have not thought it derogatory to their dignity and standing in the church to show their people how broken-down health can be restored, and to explain how a new and better physical life may be obtained. Clergymen in Canada who have been great sufferers from nervousness, sleeplessness, dyspepsia, indigestion, rheumatism and kidney and liver troubles, have found a complete cure in Paine's celery compound, and have publicly testified for the benefit of humanity.

Many a letter have we received from men and women who have been rescued from death,

stating that their clergyman had advised and strongly recommended Paine's celery compound.

Never before in the history of any Christian land has there existed a medicine that has alike interested clergy and people. All speak strongly and approvingly of Paine's celery compound and never hesitate to recommend it.

The Rev. A. Ouellet, parish priest of Shediac, N.B., one of the ablest priests of the Lower Provinces, is an ardent advocate of nature's great medicine. The reverend gentleman found in Paine's celery compound a new life that he could not obtain from any other source. He writes as follows for the benefit of every Canadian:

"Of Paine's celery compound I can speak from experience. I had been laid up with fever and rheumatic gout from the fifth of January till the middle of June; hence my system was fearfully run down. I was very thin and so feeble that for weeks I could not move along without help. I then began to take Paine's celery compound according to prescription, and to-day I am as fleshy and strong as I was ten years ago."

I do not say that I am radically cured as yet from gout, but the attacks are much less frequent; in fact I have not been one single day prevented from attending to my usual work since that time. I, therefore, take great pleasure in certifying to the wonderful efficacy of that marvelous medicine.

As a blood purifier it has no equal, and its beneficial influence on the digestive system cannot be questioned. In view of these facts, I do not hesitate to advise sick persons to give Paine's celery compound a fair trial in the various ailments for which it is recommended. As far as I am concerned I intend to follow up, if possible, the celery treatment until a complete cure is effected."

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND R. SHEPPARD - Editor.

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To the Rescue of Chinese Gordon.

CANADIAN VOYAGERS WITH WOLSELEY'S EXPEDITION UP THE NILE IN 1884.

Canadians have very little in the way of military history to boast of. Some of us had ancestors among the United Empire Loyalists or among the gallant men who later (1812-15) convinced the Americans on a dozen different fields that Canadians although untrained and poorly equipped could fight bravely in defence of their homes. Some of our grandfathers took part in the Mackenzie Rebellion and are now canonized as patriots and heroes whichever side they fought upon. Some of our fathers arose at the wild alarm of '67 to repel the Fenian invasion, but found small opportunity for garnering glory in that affair. Some of us ate hard tack and tramped hundreds of miles after invisible enemies during the Riel Rebellion of 1885, but altogether our wars and military achievements since 1812 have been few and insignificant. Innumerable writers have written books and articles upon all these affairs, but one particular military undertaking in which Canada bore a conspicuous part has been so far entirely passed over.

In 1884 General Gordon—the intrepid Christian soldier of England—was beleaguered within the walls of Khartoum by the hosts of the False Prophet, and an expedition under General Wolseley was despatched to his relief.

The Nile with its cataracts, heretofore impassable to Europeans, presented the most direct route, and Lord Wolseley asked the Horse Guards to instruct the Governor-General of Canada to engage four hundred Canadian rivermen to undertake the perilous task of carrying the expedition through the cataracts of the Nile. Lord Melgund, the Marquis of Lansdowne's military secretary, was commissioned to engage the men, the same Lord Melgund who, the following year, organized a band of scouts to do service under his personal leadership during the Riel Rebellion. The four hundred men, fifty Indians engaged by Col. Kennedy of Winnipeg, and the three hundred and fifty whites, were placed under command of Col. Fred. C. Denison of Toronto, who had served under General Wolseley in the first Red River Rebellion, with Capt. Aumand of the Governor-General's Foot Guards of Ottawa, second in command. When the time for departure came, the Indians whom Col. Kennedy had enlisted claimed that they had done so, understanding that he was going along, and such was his sense of honor that he practically sacrificed the Registrarship of Winnipeg and went, and died in a manner at once melancholy and gallant.

The voyagers sailed in the chartered steamship Ocean King, arriving at the Port of Alexandria on the 8th of October, 1884. They were at once forwarded to the front, where the main body tarried. They were towed in rear of steamers to Wadi Wafra. At the second cataract above Wadi Halfa the whole outfit was delayed for some time awaiting orders from the British Government. The delay the Tories charged to the vacillation of Mr. Gladstone, who was then in power, and this the voyagers believed.

The enlistment of Canadians had been for six months, and the time had about elapsed in December if the men were to be returned in the prescribed limit as arranged. Volunteers were called for, and between seventy and eighty enlisted to see the campaign through, however long it might prove. The majority of these pushed forward with Earle's column to within a short distance of Abu Hamed, when definite news was received of Gordon's death and the massacre of his entire garrison.

The expedition returned forthwith to Korbi, at the great bend of the Nile, which had been selected as a base of operations. The Canadians proved invaluable on the trip. General Brackenbury has said that it was humanly possible to ascend the Nile in comparative safety without the Canadians, but it would have been impossible to descend without them.

The British Government entertained the voyagers handsomely at Cairo for a few days. At Suez on the Red Sea they embarked upon the steamer Serapis, landed for a day at Malta, thence to Portsmouth, London, Wellington Barracks, and home to Canada.

This is an outline story of the trip. It has never been written up by a Canadian. Charles Lewis Shaw, a lawyer by profession, but whose love of adventure had led him to penetrate into the Ottawa river country and the Northwest Territories until he became an expert riverman and could run a rapid with the best of them, was attracted by the stirring nature of the enterprise and enlisted as a voyager. He went through it all, running his boats down the cataracts of the Nile, and roughing it like an Indian. When volunteers were called for to see the campaign through, he was among the seventy-odd men who stepped forward from the ranks of the four hundred. In the Christmas number of SATURDAY NIGHT this year he writes up his reminiscences of the trip, handsomely illustrated by A. H. H. Heming and Miss Ethel Palin and English artists. SATURDAY NIGHT pledges its word that Mr. Shaw's account of this trip is equal in humor to anything Mark Twain or Rudyard Kipling ever wrote. It is a masterpiece and the most notable piece of humor ever written in Canada. The story is rich also in description, tragedy and eloquence. It is sure to convince the country with laughter and create a sensation such as no other series of articles has done. You can imagine the sensations of

Canadian backwoodsmen among the storied scenes, the vast temples and sublime ruins of Egypt and the Nile. Among such companions this one man with his knowledge of ancient and modern history found such food for his humor to feed upon as no man's wit ever fed upon before. His description of how a Canadian officer hammered a toe off an Egyptian god in his search for mementoes is a matchless bit of satire. The encounter of Voyageur No. 115 with Lord Charles Beresford, the rush with which the Canadians captured and looted a Bashi-Basouk village while Wolseley and the army were getting ready to take it in approved military fashion, the cross-country race between voyageur Lewis and the Arabian rooster, the way the voyageurs turned Cairo upside down and drank its wineshops dry to the terror of the inhabitants and the undying glory of Canada, these and countless other things are described by Mr. Shaw as he alone can describe them.

The interest excited by these reminiscences of the Nile expedition has already caused the advance orders for our Christmas Number to far exceed any previous year, and we now foresee that when the Number is put on sale we will have to send a second edition to press. With feelings of more than usual pride we will put our Christmas Number into circulation this year.

The Drama.

IT IS hard to say what opinion theatrical people have of Canada. Of course it does not much matter to the country what opinion they may have, for their opinions are largely formed from a box-office and foot-light view of the situation. In small country villages there have been cases where citizens have stepped up and patronized a nutshell fakir just to give him a good impression of the place and prevent him from sneering at it as a "dead joint" in the other villages along his path. That is the extreme of sensitiveness. If there is anything more absurd than to see a young man who considers himself an actor standing on a corner, squirting tobacco juice in all directions, and to hear him with much profanity and slang class Toronto as a jay town, because the show

generous thing to do, but not overly wise, for jeers at once mingled with the cheers Mr. Downing's own acting had called forth. I cannot recollect ever having seen anyone on the stage who, while possessing the bearing of an actor, failed so thoroughly to put the least shade of meaning into his lines. The thin-legged and frightened "supers" who represented the fickle populace of Rome, with eyes agape like saucers, fearing they should miss a tip to surge forward or "holloer," these may now claim to be actors. Icilus, too, was weak, and Dentatus died none too soon if he wished to survive in our respect.

Presenting legitimate dramas, Robert Downing would draw good houses if he carried competent support. But his support is unutterably weak, despite the fact that he advertises its strength as one of his attractions. After sitting through an evening under his company, the Montreal and Toronto papers as a rule reiterated the atrocious statement, and this is why I say that theatrical people are bound to feel a contempt for Canada. The Canadian route will become a practice ground for amateurs, a walled-in pasture for those laughed off the stage elsewhere, unless the press becomes conscious of its shame.

We add this week to our Gallery of Leading Elocutionists the portrait of Miss Marguerite Dunn, a young lady of the most delicate taste and charming personality. Miss Dunn is quite the vogue as teacher in elocution, dramatic art and Delsarte physical culture, and as a public entertainer has a polished ease greatly to be envied. She is a graduate of the National School of Elocution and Oratory, Philadelphia, and, in fact, has secured the highest praise in that city and Chicago. Those who have heard her recite in public will have been struck with the fact that she possesses the diversified power of being equally at ease in humorous, tragic and pathetic pieces. Nothing better than her Leah the Forsaken could well be asked. It is instinct with power, and her black tresses and thrilling dark eyes fit her singularly well for the tragic piece. It has remained for her to exalt The Gypsy Flower Girl into an elocutionary gem. These are two of her selections



MISS MARGUERITE DUNN, THE ELOCUTIONIST.

in which he appears fails to draw a house—if there is anything more absurd than this it has so far escaped me. It never dawned upon this vulgar party that he and his show are at fault. It is the town that is wrong. But I am not going to talk about the vulgar class of actors. That the better class of actors can have a good opinion of Canada, from what they see of it, is next to impossible. The slavish way in which the press, without discrimination, praises everything that comes along, must inspire the contempt of these passing strangers. Take Robert Downing for instance. His company was praised in Montreal and again in Toronto, yet the downright fact of the matter is that when Downing himself and Edmund Collier and Eugenia Blair are counted out, not another in the company has ever been heard of before or ever will be heard of again without causing a pain of anguish to shoot through those who have seen them this season. Robert Downing himself, with a thoroughly good support, would pass well enough without winning particular honors. Edmund Collier is all right, and Eugenia Blair will do, but when these three attempt to atone for the deficiencies of all the other actors in a cast, they essay too much. No one of the three is big enough to do more than answer satisfactorily for himself or herself. Mr. Downing does not seem to have put Canada on his regular route until he had gathered together a company of carefully selected incapables. On his last visit his people were fair, but now—now, I shrink from even naming them for slaughter. Did you witness the tragedy of Virginus! That was a tragedy, for not only did Virginia and Dentatus die. Apollus Claudius undergo strangulation, and Virginus go mad, but Art, after long torture and untold agonies, was most foully murdered. Robert Downing is a son of Art, and although his was not the assassin's hand, yet he was accessory before and after the fact. Therein consists his crime. He must have seen Numitorius wave his arms, wiggled, waggled, and ask, "Will she swear that she is her mother?" He must have seen this same man several times during the play, and he could never set eyes on him without undergoing a spasm. And Lucius, too, who is a namesake of his and presumably a relative, he must have seen him, for on being vociferously called before the curtain at the end of a spirited act he led this young man forth by the hand to share the honor of applause. It was a

that created no end of interest among those who were fortunate enough to hear her last year. Miss Dunn is connected with the Toronto College of Music but has time for a limited number of engagements outside, and to this fact we are indebted for the treat of next Tuesday evening, November 7, when she will give a recital in Association Hall, Yonge street, presenting a programme of the most varied sort. D'Alessandro's orchestra will render some selections specially reserved for the occasion. The plan of the hall for this recital is at Nordheimer's and the sale of seats opens to-day at 10 a. m.

Hopkins Trans-Oceanics constitute a variety show of the best kind. It is a variety show and does not pretend to be a melodrama, and I like its honesty and I like its varieties. There is nothing more inartistic and revolting to good taste than the attempt so often made to patch a lot of varieties together and call the result a melodrama. Confound the farce and may it perish from off the earth! This is my malediction upon it. Hopkins' people are clever. I only managed to see the latter half of the show, but can testify that Kara is a wonderful juggler, that De Bersell, the clay modeler, gives a most unique and laughable performance, and that the Dixon brothers in their musical specialties are both funny and clever without being at all indelicate.

MACK.

The Johnson-Smily recital in Association Hall on Tuesday evening last was considerably more than an ordinary event, both in point of attendance and in the nature of the programme. Miss Johnson and Mr. Smily during the evening recited pieces of their own composition only, and the applause secured did not merely commend them as elocutionists, but praised them as authors. Every piece on the programme was encores, which constitutes a great double triumph for these author-actors. It is not every writer of prose or poetry whose work meets with such a reception. Miss Johnson is well known as the Indian poetess—a name by which she may long survive, but as a poet or prose writer Mr. Smily is comparatively unknown, though his compositions read by him on Tuesday evening showed that he had fun and vigor of conception in some degree. His best pieces were: Behind the Screen, his adaptation of The Winner of Waterloo, and

that tragic affair, The Death Watch of the Bastille. He is perhaps best in humorous pieces, as Miss Johnson is in stirring selections from her own works, the fierce battle hymns of her people. On Tuesday evening she excelled herself in The Cattle Thief and The White Wampum.

Miss Lauretta A. Bowes' recital in St. George's Hall on Monday evening last called out one of the most select audiences of the season, and Miss Bowes was at her very best. The opening number was The Pilot's Tale, by Howells; then followed selections from Locksley Hall and Macbeth, Lowell's The Rose, The Village Seamstress, and a scene from Lew Wallace's Ben Hur. This is apart from the encores, which were frequent and graciously responded to. Apart from her treatment of the letter scene from Macbeth, and perhaps the clever dialect work of the Village Seamstress, I was most pleased, however, by her concluding performance of statue posing from the Greek. In this Miss Bowes is past mistress and unsurpassed. Mr. J. D. A. Tripp also took part in the recital, but his performance comes under the purview of our musical editor.

The Chip o' the Old Block is just the kind of a play to suit anyone who does not wish to exercise his ingenuity in unraveling an intricate plot or fathoming "a dark and deep mystery." The piece is the same old story; girl found on doorstep; in reality an heiress; taken care of by the old salt; wicked uncle enjoying her wealth; the same uncle discovering the said heiress, carries her off to New York, where he intends to get rid of her; document proving everything; villain finally foiled; God Save the Queen. The various actors shine most in the variety part of the entertainment, which was good. A. L. Scott is particularly amusing; in the second act when imitating the various characters he saw in a Bowery theater, I believe, and so is Charles R. Boyd, whose dancing was quite a feature of the play. Miss Leola Bell, as Pixie, is a clever soubrette, whose singing, dancing and personal appearance quickly made her a great favorite with the audience.

The attraction at the Grand next week will be In Darkest Russia, at Jacobs & Sparrow's, the Kimball Opera Company, with Corinne the star, and at the Academy Cracker Jack.

The Toronto Camera Club announce a grand stereoscopic entertainment, illustrating the World's Fair, to be held in Association Hall on Thursday evening, November 9, under the direction of Mr. F. B. Whittemore. The beautiful buildings of the White City will be thrown on the screen with a realism unobtainable in any other way, and the fact of the lime light being in charge of Mr. Whittemore guarantees that part of the entertainment. A number of special views showing life on the celebrated Midway Plaisance have been expressly taken for the entertainment. This will be a great attraction. The plan opens at Suckling's on Tuesday morning.

Toronto's ranks of capable artists have been further increased by the arrival of Mr. Martin Clework, who has long held a foremost place amongst the elocutionists of Manchester, England, where he has followed the profession of a lawyer. Mr. Clework landed in Canada two months since on a visit to relatives, and Toronto has appeared to him in such a favorable light that he has decided to abandon the old country and the law and take up his residence here, turning his high histrionic abilities to good account. It is more than probable that Mr. Clework will be heard of in a satisfactory manner during the forthcoming season.

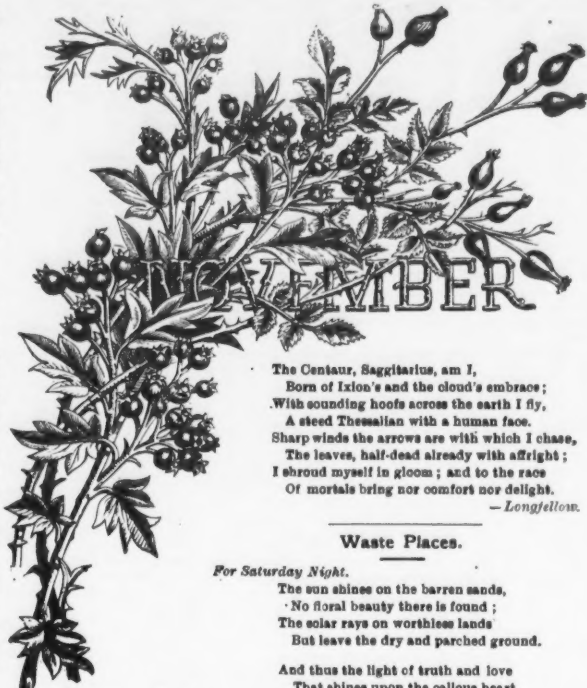
A Bran Pie.

Alphonso, King of Aragon, attended by several of his courtiers, called at a jeweler's to inspect some of his wares. No sooner had he left the shop, than the proprietor came running after him and complained that he had been robbed of a diamond of great value. The King returned to the shop and ordered a large vessel filled with bran to be brought and placed on the counter. He then commanded each of his courtiers to insert his hand closed and then withdraw it open. He was the first to begin, and after all had had their turn he asked the jeweler to empty the vessel on the counter. By this means the diamond was recovered and nobody was disgraced.—La Lette.



Boarder—Here, Gretchen, this chop is smelling bad already.
Gretchen—Then it is high time it was eaten.
—Flegende Blaetter.

Tramp (piteously)—Please help a poor cripple. Kind old gent (handing him some money)—Bless me, why, of course. How are you crippled, my poor fellow?
Tramp (pocketing the money)—Financially crippled, sir.



The Centaur, Sagittarius, am I,
Born of Ixion's and the cloud's embrace;
With sounding hoofs across the earth I fly,
A steed Thersites with a human face.
Sharp winds the arrows are with which I chase,
The leaves, half-dead already with affright;
I shroud myself in gloom; and to the race
Of mortals bring no comfort nor delight.
—Longfellow.

Waste Places.

For Saturday Night.

The sun shines on the barren sands,
No floral beauty there is found;
The solar rays on worthless lands
But leave the dry and parched ground.

And thus the light of truth and love
That shines upon the callous heart,
Will not to virtuous actions move,
Nor any kindly grace impart.

As rains fall on the rock's hard crest,
Not leaving any impress there,
So tears never move the miser's breast
To listen to the suppliant's prayer.

Even though the soil and climate's good,
And all the season's influence fair,
The fields untill'd no crops afford,
For naught but weeds will flourish there.

'Tis thus though talents rare obtain,
And every means of culture given,
Neglected and unused they're vain,
And serve no good for earth or heaven.

Walkerton.

E. S.

Sweet Doubt.

For Saturday Night.

How oft amid the gloom of storm-filled nights,
Which else would crush the strongest human heart,
Sweet doubt steals in and trims the flickering lights
And bids at least the half our woe depart.

How oft, when earthly hopes and vain desires
In smouldering ruins lie along our way,
Sweet doubt again steals up and stirs the fires
And bids the heart be strong till break of day.

How oft, when idols that our souls pursue
Have lost the glidings that have crazed the brain,
Doubt, ever near us, bids us hope anew—
Hope that those withered flowers will bloom again.

And thus through life she follows in our wake,
Creeps in our shadows an unwelcome guest,
And when our spirits ope their wings to take
Their long last flight, she whispers, "Hope for rest!"

PRACT A. GAHAN, B.A.

Two Lockets.

For Saturday Night.

It is all about two lockets,
The daintiest hearts of gold,
And mine belonged to great-grandma,
And they say is cent'ries old.

It is set—this quaint old locket—
With turquoise blue as the sea,
Grandma's sweet face is within it,
And they say she looks like me.

Jack Leigh has the other locket,
But his is modern and new,
And has a cluster of diamonds
Which sparkle like drops of dew.

Now Jack is as nice as can be,
We were good friends he and I,
But now the friendship is ended,
And this is the reason why:

He spoke one day of our lockets—
Said mine threw him in the shade,
But would I, just for a little,
Do him the favor to trade?

To trade my dear heart-shaped locket
That grandma wore long ago!
Why! I really, could not, so
So I gently told him so.

Then he came a little nearer,
The better the heart to see,
But he never looked or saw it,
For he only looked at me.

And he whispered, oh, so softly,
Something of never to part,
And could I, would I, give to him
For ever, my own real heart.

Now, I had refused the locket,
It belonged to one unknown,
But my heart—well, I could give it,
For it was always my own.

So you see the friendship is over,
For we love as lovers do,
And grandma smiles in my locket,
You would almost think she knew.

Petersboro'.

ANNA MATSON.

The Trees of Toronto.

For Saturday Night.

The trees of Toronto are many and fair;
They garland our temples, green-girdle our domes,
We breathe beautiful archways high over our pathways
And look in cool labyrinth our leaf-laid homes.

The trees of Toronto are many and fair;
What music they murmur the summer day long;
Their foliage flinging rich rust tinge, ringing
In whisper'd support to the wild bird's sweet song.

The trees of Toronto are many and fair;
How proudly they bow to the blasts of the storm,
Retreating, advancing, like couriers dancing,
Majestic in manner and kindly in form.

The trees of Toronto are many and fair;
What bonfires in Autumn their bowers unfold,
Hues varied and burning, ten-thousand tints turning,
They flame with rose, orange, pink, purple and gold.

The trees of Toronto are many and fair;
What tremulous phantoms they fling on the snow,
When the frigid moon shines through their fretted design,
Ensoul'd weird shadows fantastic below.

The trees of Toronto are many and fair;
They shelter the living, watch over the dead,
Tall, graceful and stately, they comfort us greatly,
When long since in silence their planters have fled.

The trees of Toronto are many and fair;
I would that above me their gentle forms wave
In peaceful profusion, the only illusion,
Good angels may find to a wanderer's grave.

HENRY E. LALOR.

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The Shortest Play in the World.
A tragedy in one act : (The curtain rises on amorous couple billing and cooing in a stylishly furnished drawing-room.)
Enter first lover, in travelling costume, returning from distant journey. They hear him not. He throws his bag and umbrella, produces a revolver, and fires. Bang! The young lady sinks dead to the ground. Boom! The young gent falls. First lover steps nearer, adjusts eye glass, and looks more closely.)
First Lover: Merciful heavens! I've got to the worst house!
(Rapid fall of curtain.)—*Adapted from the French.*



Again, I have just read of another most potent effort to stamp out heresy. I refer to the last article in the September number of *The Nineteenth Century* magazine. It is entitled *The Verdict of Rome on the Happiness in Hell*, and is from the pen of Rev. Father Clarke, S. J. This verdict comes from the Congregation of the Holy Inquisition and the Sacred Congregation of the Index, ratified by the Most Holy Lord the Pope. This august manifesto, after specifying Prof. St. G. Mivart's well known essays on the painful subject named, says (p. 500): "Wherefore let no one fenceforward, of whatever rank or condition, venture to publish in any place or language, or to read if published, or to keep in his possession, the aforesaid works thus condemned and proscribed, but let him be bound to hand them over," &c.

But I wonder what the faithful sons of the holy father, who have been in the habit of reading or taking in the *Nineteenth Century*, will do now. Will they have to cut those obnoxious essays out of their copies? If so, it will spull the set for binding. Will they have to paste those pages together, so that they shall no longer see the light of day? Will they have to send word to the publishers, "Stop my copy of the magazine?" I wonder if every Roman Catholic subscriber to the *Nineteenth Century* should stop his subscription, whether it would break the editor? If so, I should be awfully sorry; I should miss that magazine.

I think, however, our Roman Catholic friends of the Index might give a hint or two to our Presbyterian friends as to their modes of procedure in "Heresy-hunting." Both processes, to judge by the reports, are equally cautious and equally exhaustive; but that of the Roman Church has the advantage in the matter of expedition. The deliberances of Professors Mivart and Campbell were, one may say, contemporaneous; yet the case of the former has been already disposed of satisfactorily, while Professor Campbell will not be put out of misery for months to come. Again the Presbyterians might learn from the Sacred Congregation of the Index to differentiate the shades of error in the utterances of the accused. Why could not we all be accurately informed which of Professor Campbell's propositions are "heretical," which are "offensive to ears polite"—I mean pious, and which are simply "temerarious"? It would be a great comfort to know.

Again, there are the cases of Dr. Briggs and Professor Smith in the United States, which have been dragging their slow length along before the Presbyterian courts. It would be a great relief to many a weary and uneasy soul if the final ecclesiastical judgment on these two men should be that their deliverances were not positively heretical, but somewhat lower down the graduated scale. For I fear



Why did not the managers of the Parliament of Religions in Chicago invite the Holy Fathers of the Inquisition and the Sacred Congregation of the Index to share in the debates? If they could have met Dr. Briggs and the other "heretics" and had it out with them, then and there, it might have been of untold benefit to the world at large in its search for truth. PARSON.



"Might have knew it," replied the aggrieved Blinker. "What a nice slave-driving outfit this is, to get a man up in the middle of the night." But the way Private Blinker obtained to be promoted to corporal, in the face of a record full of misdemeanors arising all out of his affection for his pillow, was this:

"Here's a blessed nice mess," said Private B. to himself. "All chance of a blooming rise has gone to pot this trip, and ninety days in quod, the best way I can figure it. How in the peedlin' Harry did it happen!" But the fencer he asked himself this question the less satisfaction did he get out of it. So he sat down to consider what was best to be done.

It was a fairly dark night, with a struggling infant moon that a bank of clouds kept well veiled over. Some distance off to the right linker fancied he could discern a light, but whether it came from the camp of the strikers or his own party he couldn't say. There was nothing for him to do but to make an effort to join his division before daylight broke, but in which quarter to look for them was the puzzle. Some important information must have reached the major in charge to cause no

"Yes," was Blinker's answer, and five minutes later saw him seated down by the striker, pumping him of all he knew, while through his mind there flashed a scheme by which he could turn the whole affair to his advantage.

"Good," said Reynolds, who was himself an ex-trooper. "I'll get you a horse and you shall show me. We'll reconnoitre them a bit."

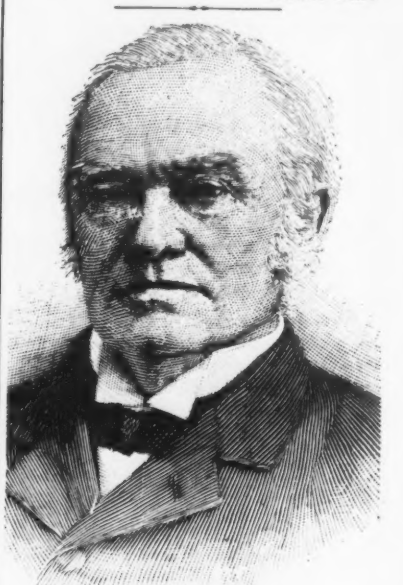
The rest of his speech was cut short by John Erasmus Blinker dealing him a tremendous kick behind the ear, at the same time giving him a yank which pulled him forward.

"Blessed if we didn't think you had gone off

and fallen asleep under some bush, Blinker," said the Major.

"Asleep, sir! What, me asleep?" in injured tones. "Oh, no! not this time."

HARRY DIX.



The Late Sir J. J. C. Abbott
Ex-Premier of the Dominion.

The Ladies' Choral Club will hold their first rehearsal for this, their fifth season, on Wednesday, November 8, at 3 p.m., at the residence of the conductress, Miss Hillary, 9 Gloucester street. A most interesting programme of high class work will be studied this year, embracing the following sacred compositions of standard classical and modern composers: Pergolesi's *Stabat Mater*; Spohr's *Jesus, Heavenly Master*, from his oratorio, *Calvary*; Mendelssohn's *O Lord, Thou Hast Searched Me Out*; Schubert's *The Lord is My Shepherd* and Brahms's *Ave Maria*. These exacting and interesting works, written exclusively for female voices, will constitute probably the most meritorious programme as yet offered by this excellent club during their five seasons of successful work.

I am this week enabled to present a forecast of work to be undertaken during the coming season in Halifax by the principal societies of that city. I have to thank a former resident of Halifax, now residing in Toronto, for his assistance in procuring the desired information, which I am compelled to admit justifies his claim that his old home compares favorably, musically, with the most enterprising of our Western cities. The Orpheus Society, under the direction of Mr. C. H. Porter, whom I can remember as a successful student in Leipzig, will produce, besides a number of minor works, Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, Barnett's *Ancient Mariner*, Schubert's *Unfinished Symphony*, and the *Third Act of Reinecke's King Manfred*. The *Halifax Choral Club*, under the direction of Mr. Hutchins, begin work this season under very favorable auspices and are studying Cowen's *Rose Maiden*, having in contemplation for their second concert, Gaul's *Joan Arc*. The *Halifax Orchestra*, which, under the direction of Herr Klingensfeld, accomplished excellent work during the past two seasons, will be in the field this year under Prof. Max Well, and have in preparation for their concerts several important classical and modern works. Although not directly in line with the special work I have been summarizing for the cities of the Dominion during the past few weeks, the *Halifax Conservatory of Music*, under Mr. Porter's direction, and the *Daering Conservatory of Music*, have become such powerful factors for good in their own locality that they deserve passing mention, representing, as I believe they do, the most important school of musical instruction in the Maritime Provinces. The attendance at the *Halifax Conservatory* already aggregates three hundred pupils, which will give an idea of its importance as an institution. The British military bands stationed at Halifax play no small part in the musical life of that city. It will be noticed from the pointing out of the blue roses as fully up to the times in musical enterprise and that musical effort in Halifax is on a firm basis.

Mr. W. E. Fairclough's second organ recital for this season will be held this afternoon at four o'clock at All Saints' church, Sherbourne street. An attractive programme has been prepared, including works by Bach, Hopkins, Mendelssohn, Best, Salome, Parker and Guilmant. Admission to these interesting recitals is free, a collection being taken up for the benefit of the choir fund of the church.

Mr. J. D. A. Tripp scored an excellent success in Miss Lauretta Bowen's elocutionary recital in George's Hall on Monday evening last in several pianoforte solos. One of his most successful efforts was his interpretation of the Tollaender March, which was given with great brilliancy and effect. In response to an enthusiastic encore Mr. Tripp played Liszt's popular Liebestraum.

I am indebted to Mr. H. M. Field for copies of leading Boston papers containing critical notices of the work of Herr Paur as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Herr Paur seems to have created a most favorable impression notwithstanding the great popularity of his predecessor, Herr Nikisch. Leading musicians who have been interviewed generally express admiration for the new conductor and his methods, while the members of the orchestra are said to be thoroughly in sympathy with him, which is perhaps the best proof of his ability.

A Service of Song will be held in St. Peter's church next Thursday evening, November 9, under the musical direction of Mr. H. W. Webster. The service will commence at eight o'clock. The first part of the programme will consist of Spohr's cantata, God, Thou Art great, for solo voices and chorus, while a miscellaneous selection of solos and anthems will make up the second part.

Mr. J. Lewis Browne's first concert will be in Bond street Congregational church on Tuesday evening next. An excellent programme has been prepared, including trios for piano, violin and 'cello, by Beethoven and Schubert, in which Mr. Browne will be assisted by Mr. John Bayley and Sig. Dinelli. Organ numbers by Mr. Browne, and vocal by Madame D'Auria, will make up the balance of the programme to be an exceedingly interesting programme.

MODERATO.

NOTABLE EVENTS IN HISTORY.

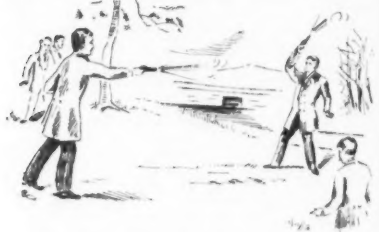
NO. VIII.—FAMOUS DUELS.

When the northern barbarians overran the Roman empire, they introduced single combats as a proof of divine right and the ordeal was accordingly accompanied by religious ceremonies. The duel was formally legalized as a decisive test of right by Gundobald, king of the Burgundians, about the year 500, and Tacitus mentions the custom as prevailing extensively among the Germans previous to that date. Duelling was patronized by monarchs and by the church, although various monarchs did attempt to curb the practice from time to time. In 1386 one Jacques Legris was accused of violence to a lady. He denied the crime but was forced to accept the ordeal of battle as a test of guilt, was overcome, adjudged guilty and hanged. Subsequently another person confessed that he was the criminal and this made such a profound sensation that the judicial ordeal was abandoned. From this date the character of the duel underwent a complete change and it became a means merely of obtaining satisfaction for an injury, especially an insult. Francis the First of France was the great first patron of the "duel for satisfaction," he laying down the rule that "the lie was never to be put up with, without satisfaction, except by base-born fellows." Duelling ran riot in France in his reign and long after, also spreading over the continental countries and England.

When Henry III. of France died, one of his courtiers, anxious to make a display of his loyal grief, swore that he would not survive him, and threw a challenge into the air. Another lord picked it up and sent the spirit of the loyal one post-haste to join his master. Such were the little pleasures of the French court in those days. Henry IV. always fought by deputy, claiming that there was no person of equal station with him in the kingdom, and therefore he could not with propriety engage in such a combat. This erudite gentleman as he dropped wreaths on the remains of one deputy after another, must have congratulated himself on the length of his head.

Duelling in France reached its height of savage ferocity under Louis XIII. It was then the custom for the combatants to hold each other by the left hand, while with their right they cut and slashed one another with daggers or short swords. Such duels were bloody and brutal in the extreme, and frequently ended in the death of both parties. Another custom prevailed during the same period, of turning the combatants loose in a darkened room and allowing them to cut each other up.

A humorous incident is related in this connection. A gentleman had been challenged who was opposed to fighting and had no desire to take his opponent's life. Being the challenged party, he had choice of weapons and selected pistols, as they were quicker in action and less barbarous than the knife. On being



The duel between Randolph and Clay.

left alone with his antagonist in the darkened room, and desiring to convince him of his friendly intentions in the most emphatic manner, he groped his way to the fireplace and discharged his pistol up the chimney, but unfortunately brought down his antagonist, who had taken refuge there.

Napoleon was bitterly opposed to duelling, but public opinion forced him to tolerate it, although he expressed bitter contempt for those who engaged in it. Gustavus Adolphus was also opposed to duelling, and on one occasion erected gallows for the party who should survive a certain combat; yet having struck an officer in a fit of passion he offered him "the satisfaction of a gentleman."

The first duel in America was fought between two serving men at Plymouth in 1621. They were tried and sentenced to be tied together, neck and heels, for twenty-four hours. In 1728 two young men, named Woodbridge and Phillips, fought a duel with swords on Boston Common. Woodbridge was killed and Phillips escaped to France. Andrew Jackson killed Charles Dickinson in a duel and was engaged in other "affairs of honor," yet when he was president in 1830 he caused the names of four naval officers to be stricken from the rolls because they had engaged in a duel. One of the most famous duels in American history was that between Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton, in which the latter was killed. Burr, in 1805, was candidate for the governorship of New York, but was defeated owing to the influence of General Hamilton. Burr boasted that he would force a duel and was sure to kill his man. Hamilton did everything to make peace without dishonor, but finally consented to fight. He fell, and public indignation against Burr knew no bounds. Another famous duel was that between Commodore Decatur and Barron, resulting in the death of the former and the severe wounding of the latter.

The Clay-Randolph duel was also a great event. It arose from a speech made by Randolph in Congress on the appointment of Mr. Clay as Secretary of State by President Adams. Randolph characterized it as "the coalition of Biff and Black George, the combination, unheard of until then, of the Puritan with the blackleg." Mr. Clay at once challenged Ran-

Just a Moment.



Photographer—Please, miss, look pleasant. Ah, very good; one, two, three—that will do, that will do, very nicely. You may now resume your other face.—Friedrich Blaetter.

dolph. When the time came, the men with their swords were on the ground. General Hamilton, who was present, said it was a most thrilling scene. "Here were two of the most extraordinary men our country in its prodigality had produced, about to meet in mortal combat." Randolph decided to not return Clay's fire, and when the word was given, discharged his pistol in the air, Clay's bullet missing him. When the latter saw that his antagonist, who was one of the best shots in the country, had purposely wasted his bullet while standing up as a target, he was deeply affected. He ran forward, and in tones of deep emotion cried out to Randolph: "I trust in God, my dear sir, that you are untouched; after what has occurred, I would not have harmed you for a thousand worlds."

For Bonnie Brides.

BLACK is so fashionable this autumn that it will be chosen by brides for gowns in which to return their calls, and will also be worn by young matrons who are guests at day weddings. For such dresses rich Lyons velvets and genuine moire antique are used, though hitherto these fabrics have been considered suitable only for middle-aged and elderly women. The most fashionable modistes prepare black gowns that are brightened by a color, as for instance, a black velvet skirt trimmed to the knee with a shaped flounce of petunia-colored velvet, headed by vandykes of jet pointing each way, and separated by an inch-wide band of "baby-lamb fur" as black and glossy as moire. The waist is a bolero jacket of the fur, with revers of black moire antique opening on a soft vest of black velvet with two rows of white point de Venise lace extending down it to a jet belt of great width, with a row of the Venise point above. Mutton-leg sleeves gauged at the top to make them droop are of the petunia-colored velvet, finished with narrow cuffs of the rich Venetian lace. With this will be worn a Napoleon hat of black velvet, and a triple cape of velvet and moire antique with white lace collar. A second all black gown has a gathered waist of velvet with a corselet of moire covered with rich jet beading extending up to the sleeves on the sides, and pointing lower in front and back. The front, in one piece fastened on the left, has short broad revers of moire set below a high stock-collared moire edged narrowly at the top with dark Russian sable—a fur that is becoming to every complexion. Gigot sleeves of velvet are of extraordinary breadth and length also, to be pushed up in cross folds by the wearer. The skirt touches the ground, as it is a carriage gown, and is composed of five breadths of very wide velvet, softly interlined, and gored at the back to produce five *golet* pleats that retain their curved shape as they spread to the floor. Added to this is a sash made of a whole breadth of moire antique, passed around the top just below the waist in draped folds, then meeting in the back, and falling in two ends at the foot, being carefully fastened in place amid the funnel-shaped pleats. This sash is a feature of many stylish frocks, and is a revival of an old fashion that can be easily carried out. It also serves to give the greater fulness at the top of skirts, which is coming into fashion, and will be useful for remodeling last winter's gowns. A small jet capote with loops of *duchesse* lace and some colored plumes or an aigrette of colors, and a moire coat or cape, will complete this costume.

The traveling dresses preparing for brides to use also as walking dresses on the first breezy days of autumn have an air of warmth and comfort. They are made usually of roughly woven woollens combined with velvet, and trimmed with fur in narrow bands and edges. The sleeve-caps, collarettes, or shoulder frills are so large that they have the effect of warm capes, and thus dispense with wraps. And, above all else, they are comfortable because the skirt is cut short enough all around to escape the sidewalk without being lifted. A going-away gown for an October bride is of Ravenna-brown canvas, made after one of Raudnitz's charming models. It is narrowly edged with black Persian-lamb fur as a binding scarcely an inch wide, and is further given the "black and white" trimming now so fashionable by insertions of black guipure passementerie over white satin. The wide skirt of simple shape has a circular flounce stitched on without fulness and edged with the narrow fur. The pretty waist, single-

breasted, round, and pleated in six pleats to a belt in back and front, has also a circular basque about five inches deep trimmed with fur. The collarette matches the basque in cut and trimming and falls below a collar band of black open-patterned passementerie laid smoothly on white satin. The belt is like the collar, and two crescent-shaped insertions of the same black and white begin each side of the front and extend under the arms high up the back. The sleeves are gigots, with immense fulness drooping from armpole to elbow, and very closely fitting below, with the merest edge of the fur at the wrist. A small hat of brown felt, with brim faced with Persian lamb, and black wings as trimming, is worn with a coat or cape of the glossy black fur to complete this costume. For brides who object to brown gowns that proclaim their bridehood, are other dresses of rough woollens in two colors, as hopsacking in which green prevails, though some rose-colored threads are woven therein. Such a gown made after a Paris design has a round waist of the rough wool, gathered in front and back over a fitted silk lining under a belt of black satin ribbon. The fronts are gathered low on the shoulders and lapped just at the waist-line, the edges being finished with black marten fur. Inside these is a scarf of green velvet eight inches wide, shirred down the back just below the collar and extending down the fronts beyond the fur, to form pleats at the waist-line. The V-space left at the top has a green velvet plastron hooked on the left side and joined to a collar-band of velvet folds. The sleeves are an important feature of this gown, as they have deep circular caps of the wool bordered with fur, that give the effect of a cape, as they drop to the elbow above long green velvet sleeves puffed out at the top to inflate the caps, then closely fitted below. The skirt is trimmed with two bias bands of green velvet set on to give the effect of an over-skirt, open up the left to the knee and round on the right side.

A Paris authority, taking into consideration the gowns of the older members of the bride's family at a church wedding, suggests for her mother changeable beige and blue moire antique *pointille* with black. This is made with a basque and train, the latter trimmed with a flounce of Chantilly lace, headed with a ruche of pale blue crape. A bertha of the blue under black lace trims the basque. The capote of gold and jet apangies has pale blue and cream plumage. The gloves are white. For the grandmother is a princess gown with Watteau pleated back, made of violet moire striped widely with prune satin. A *schu* of Chantilly lace forms a bertha and basque, and there is a collar of black and violet pygmes. The small bonnet is of jet, trimmed with bouquets of violets and a black aigrette, and the gloves are of pearl-gray kid. A gown of pistache and rose moire dotted with black is suggested for an aunt who is supposed to be not very advanced in years, while for another aunt, who is declared to be older than the bride's mother, this oracle advises a gown of yellow satin striped with moire and finely dotted with black. The basque has a *schu* of black lace, and a flounce of the same lace trims the demi-trained skirt. A capote of jet apangies is edged with yellow blossoms, and has black Mercury wings. Pearl-gray gloves complete this toilette. LA MODE.



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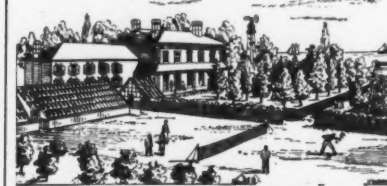
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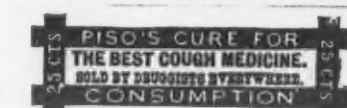
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His back sprang, and he fondly enquired: "Strangely fifty cents stand off honest and? Yes, I replied. "So could ha'r dyed as you take me? Well, al "That w in general a I'm seventy "You hav "I hev. I "No!" "That is, goin' down if she fills and cherish jay-bird. W seventy-two eight!" "Such ma "Yes, I's generally to cryin' around said was the three month wider is aft the dollars fl "But you "Not this e picks this o bound to g it outer my han work, but I'v milk, and I'v "The wido "More'n a waitin' to be he drew down wash and me washed fur th got to be cle away and gon it's comin' on meat and pick "She won't suggested. "Bridal too long!" he sai "I've got it all and a half. I of caliker and she can't hev a year. The o house is this f Stranger, look "What's the "To see if an bin talkin'." "No, I don't "I didn't m wasn't any on I'm seventy-tw any on me whe and offer her r them children is goin' to wree and then think Say, stranger." "Well!" "Just one wo in the pen up b 'em agin a dolla wreckin' me I'll fur gettin' my to fix the preac dren don't know man, hired gal, 'em all combin believe the hui three dollars. around here, str spinal column. depot, but you stop to light on Free Press.

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His back was humped up, his knees badly sprung, and there was a squeak in his voice as he fondly smoothed down his long goatee and enquired:

"Stranger, could you tell that I'd just paid fifty cents to have these whiskers dyed? Jest stand off and aqunt at 'em and gimme an honest answer."

"Yes, I could tell that they had been dyed," I replied.

"So could I, but that's all right. Got my ha'r dyed at the same time. How old would you take me to be?"

"Well, about fifty."

"That was my object—to deceive the public in general and the Widder Spicer in pertickler. I'm seventy-two years old."

"You have an object then?" I asked.

"I hev. I'm goin' to git married."

"No!"

"That is, if the widder fills the bill. I'm goin' down to Skinnersville to-day to see her. If she fills the bill, she's my jay-bird to love and cherish; if she don't, she's somebody else's jay-bird. What d'ye think of an old chap of seventy-two shin'in' up to a widder of twenty-eight?"

"Such matches generally bring trouble."

"Yes, I s'pose they do, and the old chaps are generally to blame for it. I left all the children cryin' around, and the last thing my oldest gal said was that I'd be financially wrecked in three months. All of 'em figgers that the widder is after my money and that she'll make the dollars fly like feathers."

"But you don't think so?"

"Not this evenin', stranger. When a widder picks this old mossback up fur a flat she's bound to git left. I had a farm, but I've put it outter my hands. I had a hired gal don't the work, but I've let her go. I had three cows to milk, and I've bought two more."

"The widder will have plenty of work, eh?"

"More'n a hundred pounds of carpet rags waitin' to be sewed," whispered the old man as he drew down his eye. "Seven of us to cook, wash and mend fur. Cellar hain't bin white-washed fur three years, and all the house has got to be cleaned. I've throwed the well pump away and gone back to a rope and bucket, and it's comin' on time to dry pumpkins, smoke meat and pick the geese."

"She won't have much of a honeymoon," I suggested.

"Bridal tower is goin' to be jest eight miles long!" he said as he winked the other eye.

"I've got it all planned and the cost is a dollar and a half. I've already bought her ten yards of caliker and a two dollar pair of shoes, and she can't hev no excuse to run to the store fur a year. The only money I shall hev about the house is this fifty-cent piece with a hole in it. Stranger, look me all over as I turn around."

"What's the idea?"

"To see if any flies hev lit on me while we've bin talkin'."

"No, I don't see any."

"I didn't much 's'pect you would. That wasn't any on me when I left home, though I'm seventy-two years old, and that won't be any on me when I stand before that widder and offer her my heart and hand. Think of them children a-takin' on because that widder is goin' to wreck me inside of three months, and then think of the widder tryin' it on me! Say, stranger."

"Well?"

"Jest one word more. I've got seven hogs in the pen up home, and I'll bet the hull lot of 'em agin a dollar that instead of the widder wreckin' me I'll borrow her last shillin' to pay fur gettin' my ha'r and whiskers dyed up an' to fix the preacher who marries us. The children don't know me. I'm a-gettin' a wife, hired man, hired gal, sewin' woman an' a mother fur 'em all combined in one, and I don't actually believe the hull expense will amount to over three dollars. That's moss in the woods around here, stranger, but none growin' on my spinal column. That's flies a-flyin' about this depot, but you jest notice that none of 'em stop to light on the undersigned!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Man of Sympathies.

In a building on Clifford street a summer fly-screen yet lingers in one of the lower windows. In fact, it has lingered there summer and winter for the last two or three years, and as a natural result there are several holes in it. The other day the occupant of the building saw a queer-looking old chap stop and take a long look at that fly-screen. He even took out a piece of paper and the stub of a pencil and jotted down some figures. Yesterday the same old man returned. He had an eight-ounce vial in one hand and a bit of rag in the other, and without wasting any time he began work. The stuff in the bottle was poured on the rag and the rag rubbed over and around each hole in the dirty screen. The occupant of the building had his curiosity aroused and stepped out to ask:

"Look here, old man what sort of a performance do you call this?"

"An act of charity," was the reply as he rubbed away.

"But I don't understand."

"That screen is to keep the flies out in summer, ain't it?"

"Of course."

"And the summer is over?"

"Yes."

"Well, a fly wants to live through the winter, same as anybody. There are near-sighted flies, and flies so careless that they wouldn't see an open barn-door if they didn't smell it. I believe in giving the fly a chance, especially at this season of the year."

"And what are you doing?"

"Rubbing molasses around the holes to give all flies a pointer. Suppose, for instance, that a near-sighted Woodward avenue fly was over this way looking for a place where he could lay up for the winter. He might pass those openings a dozen times and not see 'em, but he's bound to smell that molasses ten feet away. He comes—he smells—he lays up for the winter."

"Well!" laughed the occupant, "I've heard a good deal about cranks during the last ten years, but of all the men deserving of the—"

"Oh! I expect it!" interrupted the old man as he rechecked the bottle and tossed away the rag.

"Just because I figure that a fly ought to

have a fair show I'm an old crank! If I went around with a crow bar on my shoulder pounding the brains out of every fly I met, I'd be called a wise man, I suppose! You can call me what you will, but I say that the man who won't give the fall and winter fly a decent show would poison his own brother so as to marry the widow and get his russet shoes!"

And while the occupant of the building continued to laugh and chuckle, the old man hit the cork a "swat" with the palm of his hand, dropped the bottle into his coat-tail pocket and moved off with the addenda:

"And you look just like one of those human hyenas who'd set fire to his shop in order to burn a bald-headed, near-sighted and crippled fly who was felicitating himself that he'd got all settled 'till the first of next May!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Self-Conscious



Herr Knochen (to attendant)—After you've rubbed my knees you may rub my calf—that is to say, my shins.—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

A YOUNG LADY'S ESCAPE.

AN INTERESTING STORY FROM NORFOLK COUNTY.

General Debility and Chronic Neuralgia Made Miss Lizzie Bentley's Life Miserable—Her Parents Feared She Was Going Into Consumption—Brought Back From the Brink of the Grave.

From the Simcoe Reformer.

Miss Lizzie Bentley is the daughter of Mr. Ira Bentley, of Waterford, a former well known resident of Simcoe. It is well known that Miss Bentley was long and seriously ill, and it was recently reported that she had fully regained her health and strength. Her case has excited considerable interest in Waterford, and coming to the ears of the *Reformer*, we felt more than a passing interest in the matter for the reason that for a period of nearly three years, there have been from time to time published in our columns, particulars of alleged cures of various serious cases of illness that have been effected through the use of a remedy known as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. The scenes of these cures have been located in widely scattered portions of the country, it might almost be said of the globe, for some of these stories came from the United States and some from England, to such a distance have the proprietors extended the sphere of their usefulness.

It is of course the common idea that the age of miracles has long passed, and thousands of people who would not relish a classification among "doubting Thomases," and who are quite ready to believe any long story, so that it does not trespass upon their pre-conceived notions, and what old line physicians tell them of the limits and capabilities of the medical pharmacopoeia, as laid down by the schools, hear with a shrug of the shoulder and a smile of incredulity, of cases, the evidence of which is of so certain a character that no court or jury in the land would question it. Take one of the best known and striking instances of the efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. We refer to the case of Mr. John Marshall. Could any evidence be clearer or more convincing even to a sceptic. Mr. Marshall is a well known citizen of so large a city as Hamilton. He was paid by the Royal Templars of Temperance the sum of one thousand dollars, that being the sum paid by that institution to its members who are proven to the satisfaction of its physicians to have become permanently incurable. Every fact in connection with this case was investigated by the Hamilton papers and vouched for by them. Not satisfied to take its evidence at second-

hand, the Toronto *Globe* sent a representative to Hamilton. The result of these investigations was the publication by the *Globe* of an article in which every claim made by Mr. Marshall and the proprietors of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills was fully conceded, and the "Hamilton Miracle" unreservedly endorsed by this great Canadian newspaper.

In a way it reminds us of the story of a great lawyer who attended a prayer meeting. His own views of religion were of the most heterodox character. He went to be amused; he came away with all his preconceived ideas changed. He said: "I heard these men whose word was as good as the Bank of England get upon their feet and tell what religion had done for them, not theoretically, it was their own personal experience of it. Were these men in a witness box I would not have the slightest inclination to doubt their word; as a consistent man I was unable to doubt them anywhere else. I had doubted, now I believe."

The man or woman who will give an hour's attention to the evidence that the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company have to submit, must, it is able to reason at all, concede that their Pink Pills contain wonderful properties for the amelioration of human ailments.

All these reflections are introductory to the case that has come under our notice. Mr. Ira Bentley is widely known in this district, where he carried on business as a pump and windmill manufacturer for years. He formerly lived in Tilsonburg, afterwards in Simcoe and now resides in the village of Waterford. A representative of the *Reformer* visited Waterford not long since to interview Mr. Bentley as to his daughter's recovery. For he it understood this journal is as little prone to be carried away by fair spoken or written words as the rest of humanity, and as we had heard that Miss Bentley's cure was due to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, we were anxious to investigate, that we might add our personal testimony, if possible, to the many who have already spoken and written on behalf of this great Canadian remedy. The result of the writer's journey to Waterford was eminently satisfactory. We failed in finding Mr. Bentley at home for he was in Caledonia that day setting up a windmill, but Mrs. and Miss Bentley who were the immediate beneficiaries of the good effects of Pink Pills proved quite able to give full particulars. Mrs. Bentley was apparently enjoying the best of health, and we were more than surprised to be told by her that it was she who had been the family had experimented with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She told us that a couple of years ago she had been grievously attacked by rheumatism, and had after solicitation by some friends sought relief in Pink Pills. The result had been eminently satisfactory as any observer could see. It was, however, to become acquainted with the case of Miss Bentley that we had gone to Waterford. In answer to our enquiries Mrs. Bentley told us that her eldest daughter, Lizzie, was nineteen years of age, that from her infancy she had been a sufferer and that her chances of growing to womanhood had never been considered good. She early became a victim of acute neuralgia, that for weeks at a time racked her body and made life a burden. She would at times go down to the very brink of the grave; she was in appearance a mere shadow, thin, pale and weak, unable to do anything. After finding how Pink Pills had benefited her mother she too began to use them. No change from sickness to health could have been more rapid, no cure more complete.

"You can say," Mrs. Bentley said to us, "she is a well girl, that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had cured her, and we are willing to tell the whole world that such is the case."

Desirous of seeing Miss Bentley herself, we next repaired to the Waterford post office, where she is employed as a telegraph operator. We had known Miss Bentley when she lived in Simcoe. We remembered her as a delicate face as it was then. One glance at the bright young girl before us, her cheeks aglow with ruddy health, was sufficient. The days of miracles were not gone. The happy subject of one stood before us. Her story was a repetition of the one told us by her mother, only with an added depth of thankfulness to the means of her recovery. We came away from our interview with Miss Bentley fully satisfied that we now knew of our own knowledge of at least one marvelous cure to be credited to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

An analysis shows that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration, all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppurations, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of whatever nature.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form) by the dozen or hundred, and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape at 50 cents a box or in boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, from either address.



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Music.

THE large and brilliant audience which crowded every part of the Pavilion at the concert on Saturday night last was at once a mark of public appreciation of Mr. I. E. Suckling's discrimination in selecting standard attractions for our citizens and of his excellent business capacity in successfully carrying out anything he undertakes. With the combined attraction of Mme. Nordica, the Toronto Orchestra and other assisting artists, added to the presence of the vice-regal party, the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen, the Lieut. Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, it is little to be wondered at that the immense audience represented the fashion and culture of the city. The great popularity of Mme. Nordica in Toronto served, no doubt, as one of the principal magnets in attracting the public, although no small interest attached to the first appearance of the new Toronto Orchestra under Mr. Torrington's baton. Mme. Nordica's reception was a repetition of the enthusiasm with which she has been greeted upon the occasions of her former appearances in this city. The same beauty of voice and charm of manner which have won for her so many admirers in all parts of the world, again characterized her efforts on this occasion. The spontaneous applause which followed all her selections and the clamor for encores testified to the delight of the audience. Her voice has lost nothing in richness or expressiveness since her last appearance here, although her opening number indicated a slight indisposition, which, however, wore off during the evening. All of her selections were rendered in the truly artistic style which has made her famous, the charming rendition of her encore numbers, particularly of the ballads *When Love is Kind* and *Robin Adair*, being exquisite models of refined sentiment and poetic grace.

The orchestra came in for no small share of attention, and upon the whole did its work very creditably, considering the recent organization and limited rehearsals of the band. The lighter selections, particularly the Inter-mezzo from *Cavalleria Rusticana*, were given with good effect as regards intonation and tone, but the more exacting numbers were marred through lack of sufficient familiarity on the part of sections of the orchestra, which was evident in the anxiety plainly manifested regarding the technical difficulties of the work before them. Under these circumstances the sphere of the conductor was oftentimes limited to the task of keeping his forces together. The string section will answer all the demands likely to be put upon this part of the organization during the season, the tone being good and the technical ability of the players sufficient for any work likely to be attempted. Individual players among the bass and wind also will be a source of strength. The roughness of the brass section and the healthy robustness of the wood wind in delicate passages will no doubt receive the conductor's attention as the season advances. The citizens of Toronto are apparently prepared to support any scheme for orchestral concerts to the extent its artistic merits may deserve. For this reason I trust that the question of obtaining sufficient rehearsals from the members comprising the orchestra will be more successfully dealt with than has been possible in past orchestral ventures. Only in this way can Mr. Torrington demonstrate his ability as an orchestral conductor. On the other hand, insufficiently rehearsed numbers should not be presented on any of the programmes of the orchestra. The orchestra should, furthermore, represent for this province at least the best and most advanced work within its boundaries. The reproach which was recently cast upon the standard of our Toronto orchestral programmes by a leading English journal in an article which was intended to be complimentary, that no Beethoven symphony had ever been attempted by a local orchestra, is all the more suggestive since this class of work is being taken up by the bands of several of the smaller cities of the country. In this respect there has oftentimes been a sad lack of harmony between our actual achievements and the pretensions which have been made concerning them, a state of affairs which I sincerely trust the new orchestra with its superior opportunities will do much to remedy.

An agreeable variety was lent the evening's performance through the vocal selections of Signor De Lasco, the popular basso, and the violin solos of Herr Klingensfeld. Signor De Lasco, although not in his best form, was warmly received and on the conclusion of his second solo enthusiastically encored. His rendition of a Spanish drinking song in response to an encore was one of his best efforts, displaying to excellent advantage his rich and powerful voice. Herr Klingensfeld was also warmly encored for his rendition of the Sarasate arrangement of Chopin's E flat nocturne, and in response played the Scottish ballad *Bonnie Doon*. This gentleman possesses a good tone and no small technical ability, and is a decided acquisition to the solo and orchestral talent of the city. Mrs. Klingensfeld prettily accompanied him on the piano. At the conclusion of the concert His Excellency the Governor General personally complimented Mme. Nordica and Mr. Torrington, expressing his pleasure at the programme presented. Mr. Suckling was also deservedly congratulated upon the success of the event.

I have received from Mr. H. Guest Collins of Chicago, formerly of Toronto, an interesting letter on the subject of Organ Study in Germany, which I regret lack of space prevents me giving in its entirety in SATURDAY NIGHT, which Mr. Collins compliments upon its growing influence as a means of communication between the musicians of this country. Mr. Collins says among other things: "Notwithstanding the acknowledged pre-eminence that German musicians have attained as orchestral performers and piano players, and the reputation they enjoy as teachers, the organ has, with a singular conservatism, not advanced, either in its modernized structure or in the

manner of performance to that point noticeable either in Paris, London or New York. The grand old fugues of Bach seem to be the end and aim of all study of the organ in Berlin. The effect of organ playing is generally rough and not what one would expect in a land where orchestral playing is so finished, so wonderfully refined and perfect." Mr. Collins points out that the religious objections held by many German organ builders until recently to the introduction of the swell in the organ, was due to a fear that church music might be defiled and secularized. Hence, in Berlin particularly, the advantages for organ students have been very limited. An English organist, Mr. C. E. Clemens, recognizing the fact that many students who go to Berlin desire to join the study of the organ on a system suitable to the taste of English and American students, with that of the piano and composition, has opened a studio for that purpose and furnished it with an English organ for the use of his pupils. Mr. Collins points out that with the unequalled facilities offered by Berlin in the study of instrumental music generally, and composition, and the "marvelous concert and opera privileges," Mr. Clemens' innovation will render the German capital a most desirable and delightful place of residence and study for musicians who wish to gain an insight into the art of organ playing in connection with their other studies.

Mr. Collins' remarks will be read with interest by the profession here. The clumsy actions of most German organs are responsible to a large degree to the disfavor with which organ study is generally regarded in Germany. Berlin, for so large a city, is singularly deficient



Mr. H. Klingensfeld.

In its organ advantages, being in this respect a generation behind Leipzig, which is beginning earlier to feel the wholesome influence of the modern French School as represented by the works of Guilmant, St. Saens and others. The Royal Conservatory at Leipzig is well equipped in this respect, possessing several effective organs, one of which is a large and excellent three manual instrument constructed on a tolerably modern basis by the most progressive of German firms. It is not probable that the organ in Germany will ever be made to masquerade as an orchestra, but the dignity and melodiousness of the new French School and the true organ style maintained in compositions of the composers representing it are doing much to overcome the prejudice which has existed for years against extending the sphere of the King of Instruments in the Fatherland.

A new musical society has been organized under the direction of Mr. W. J. McNally, organist of the Beverley street Baptist church. It has been decided to adopt the name of The Toronto Vocal Club, and to appear in concert work, principally unaccompanied part songs, etc., during the season.

Herr Klingensfeld, whose portrait is here presented, is the latest acquisition to the ranks of our professional musicians. Mention of his successful debut at the Nordica concert on Saturday night last has been made in another portion of this column. Herr Klingensfeld's success in Halifax as an orchestral conductor during the past two seasons is also noted in my comments concerning the musical doings of that city. MODERATO.

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Social and Personal.

Continued from Page Two.

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Dr. E. P. Gordon has returned from a visit to Australia, and will remain in Toronto for the next few weeks prior to returning to the Pacific coast, where it is his intention to practice his profession.

Mrs. H. P. Dwight of St. George street gave a pleasant tea to a few of her young lady friends on Tuesday, October 31. Among those present were: Mrs. Cecil Lee, the Misses Lee, Mrs. Ed. Gooderham, the Misses Gooderham, the Misses Pope, Miss Minnie Helliwell, Mrs. Harton Walker, Miss Jones, Miss Louise Jones, Miss Eva Kennedy, Miss Green, Mrs. Bouch, Miss McKenzie, Mrs. Macdonald, the Misses Arthurs, and the Misses Howland.

Dr. Murray McFarlane has returned from a hunting trip to Muskoka.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Fred Webb, of Inglewood, Avenue road Hill, have returned from Chicago.

Mr. William Gardiner, the popular collection clerk of the Standard Bank in this city, has obtained leave of absence for six weeks to visit his old home in Cork, Ireland. Mr. Gardiner was at one time Lieutenant-Colonel of the Ballanskyllin 49th Regiment of Militia. His many friends in Toronto wish him bon voyage.

Mr. T. G. Foster, Mr. George Heward, Miss Jacques, Miss Moody, the Misses Ross of Toronto and Mr. William Pitt of England sailed by the Teutonic for Liverpool.

Rev. William Walsh of Brantford preached to large congregations at Grace church, Elm street, last Sabbath.

Mr. A. B. Chaffee of Montreal was in town on Thursday.

Sir David Macpherson and family left last Tuesday for New York and sail to-day by the Falda for Genoa.

Madame Nordica was the guest of Mrs. Geo. Arthurs, Spadina avenue.

The members of the Ontario staff at the World's Fair met in the Canadian Pavilion on Friday last and presented Mr. Awrey, the Provincial Commissioner, with an illuminated address expressing appreciation of his services. Some elegant silverware and a meerschaum pipe accompanied the address.

Rev. T. B. Hyde, who for the past four years has been pastor of Mr. Moody's church in Chicago, is in the city and will preach in the Northern church on Sunday, both morning and evening.

Mrs. (Dr.) J. P. Russell will receive her friends at 537 Sherbourne street on Monday and Tuesday of next week.

Mrs. Geo. H. Gordon of Parliament street has returned after a two months' trip to Chicago and the World's Fair.

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SEAL SKIN JACKET FOR SALE
A beautiful South Sea Seal Skin Jacket, almost new. Can be seen at 336 Jarvis Street.

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DAMASCUS INLAID COFFEE TABLES
INSPECTION INVITED
JOHN KAY, SON & CO. 34 King Street West
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TAILOR MADE.
Fine Alaska Sealskin Coat.
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"Souvenir" Ranges

— ARE —
THE LEADERS
AND ARE UNEQUALLED FOR
Baking Heating Water
Economy of Fuel
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And are well made and handsome. Fitted with
"Aerated" Oven and Genuine Duplex Grate
EVERY RANGE WARRANTED
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W. T. Mullett & Co.	738 Queen Street East
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IMPORTANT TO LADIES FREEHOLD LOAN AND SAVINGS CO.

Where to get a Handsome, Stylish MANTLE at a MODERATE PRICE
R. WOLFE
LADIES' TAILOR
has the best assortment of Novel Designs in Mantles to be seen in the Dominion. The new Russian Coat with full skirt. All the newest designs in Capes, Ulsters, etc. Also a full line of Mantles, Cloths, Veils, Sealotes and Dress Materials; also the latest styles in Tailor-Made Dresses, Tea Gowns and Evening Costumes. We make a specialty of ordered work. Ladies leaving the city can have a Mantle or Costume made in ten hours if desired, fit and workmanship guaranteed. The best extra class. No extra charge for garments remodelled into the latest styles. Your orders solicited. Do not forget

R. WOLFE
German Mantle Manufacturer and Ladies' Tailor
117 YONGE STREET
Orders by mail promptly attended to. Telephone 1609.

FREEHOLD LOAN AND SAVINGS CO. DIVIDEND NO. 68

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of 4 per cent. on the capital stock of the Company has been declared for the current half-year, payable on and after the 1st day of December next at the office of the Company, corner of Victoria and Adelaide Streets, Toronto.
The transfer books will be closed from the 17th to the 30th November inclusive
By order of the Board,
R. O. WOOD, Managing Director.
Toronto, 25th October, 1893.

HOUSE FOR SALE

For Sale, that Entirely New and Strictly First-Class Residence
No. 178 Beaufort St., N. W. cor. Sherbourne at a positive bargain. Little, if any, payment required, and low rate of interest. Possession every requirement for perfect and healthful home. Thoroughly built and beautiful throughout. Please inspect closely. Immediate possession given. Now is the buyer's opportunity. Red-rock bottom has been reached, and the unwieldy hands proclaim the coming year, 1894, to be one of sure prosperity and rise in value on both sides of the water. Apply to or address J. WILLIS, 1 Toronto Street, corner King.

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TORONTO'S
NEW CARPET HOUSE

These three—

Are the predominant features in every department of this house. You will find how much we value these as the all important essentials of our business, when you have occasion to inspect any particular kind of carpeting, or when you look through our matchless collection of lace and silk curtains, rugs, drapery stuffs, mattings, oilcloths, linoleums, or any furnishing desired for the home.

**FOSTER
AND
PENDER**

And then there is the perfectly logical reason—of being the largest direct buyers and importers—to give weight to the claim that we can, and do, afford a special advantage to our patrons in prices.

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NEW CARPET HOUSE

14 & 16 KING STREET EAST

Agents' Canvassing Books and Samples Now Ready

THE GOLDEN LION

AUTUMN SALE

On Monday we commence a great sale of our entire stock of our high class goods.

THE NEWEST NOVELTIES in all the best sellers in THIS SEASON'S FAVORITE FABRICS

Dress Goods

and

Silks, Satins

Etc., Etc

THE STOCK is all new, clean and bright selected in the best markets

This will be a very special opportunity to purchase the best goods, out of the largest assortment in the Dominion, at **Prices Away Below the Original Mark**

Special lists of prices and kinds in all the daily papers to-day. Look them up, read them through and save yourself a lot of money in a dress purchase.

R. WALKER & SONS

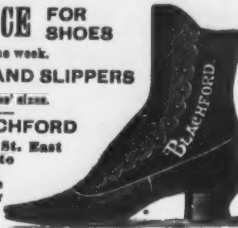
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For one week.

RED SHOES AND SLIPPERS
In Ladies' sizes.

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N. B.—All the above specially suitable for house wear.



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All Red Goods sold at half price. Oxfords, Slippers, Tab Slippers and Children's Goods. Come early and secure the bargains.

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Best and goes farthest.

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ST. JOHN, N. B.



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Get prices and examine the sealskin used in the manufacture.

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What was once a Reliable Time-piece, but through improper repairing it has been ruined? If so, try

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High Grade Watch Specialist, 350 Yonge St., 2nd door north of Elm, and have it put in thorough repair.

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Afternoon Tea Sets
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Cups and Saucers, &c.

Austrian Vases

NEW SHAPES.

JUNOR & IRVING
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The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb.

Births.
FRASER—Oct. 27, Mrs. R. D. Fraser, a daughter.
HUBBARD—Oct. 30, Mrs. J. H. Hubbard, a son.
MCLEAN—Oct. 28, Mrs. Arch. D. McLean, a son.
HARPER—Oct. 29, Mr. R. Harper, a daughter.
HERGEN—Oct. 29, Mrs. E. F. Hergen, a son.
O'CONNOR—Windsor, Oct. 29, Mrs. M. J. O'Connor, a son.

Marriages.
MILLICAN—BINGHAM—Oct.—, W. J. Millican to Mary E. Bingham.
PEARS—TATTLER—Oct. 25, Leonard Pears to Elizabeth Tatler.
MCABE—WALKER—Oct. 31, Thomas F. McCabe to Jennie Walker.
REID—MEREDITH—Oct. 31, Rev. A. J. Reid to Norma Meredith.


Deaths.
SWEETNAM—On Monday morning, October 30, at No. 60 South street, Miss Victoria, daughter and only child of Dr. Leslie M. and Victoria M. Sweetnam.
KENNY—Brampton, Oct. 31, Charles Kenny, aged 50.
THOMSON—Oct. 30, Eleanor F. Thomson.
WADSWORTH—Oct. 30, Thomas H. Wadsworth.
APPLEBY—Oct. 30, Martha Appleby, aged 8 months.
LEE—Oct. 27, Harriett L. Lee.
MACINNON—Oct.—, Angus MacInnon, aged 83.
GRAY—Oct. 29, Christopher Gray.
LAMBERT—Oct.—, John W. Lambert, aged 45.
GRAHAM—Oct. 29, George Graham, aged 71.
GILLETTE—Oct. 28, Sister Lucy Gillette.
NIXON—Oct. 7, Frank H. Nixon, aged 58.
ROBIN—Oct. 28, Janet T. Robin.
WILKINSON—Brampton, Oct. 28, James Wilkinson, aged 60.
WALLACE—Oct. 31, John Wallace, aged 40.
BARKER—Oct.—, William Barker, aged 63.
CLARK—Oct. 29, Nettie Clark, aged 50.
ASHBRIDGE—Oct. 28, Isaac Ashbridge, aged 82.
ELLIOTT—Nanaimo, Oct. 9, Henry E. Elliott.
MCALLUM—Oct. 27, Mary Isabella L. McCallum, aged 17.

- - 800 - -

DIAMOND and GEM RINGS

TO BE SOLD AT A
TREMENDOUS SACRIFICE

Solid Gold Gem Rings from 75c. to \$25
Genuine Diamond Rings from \$3.75 to \$250
Fine Gold Wedding Rings at Especially Low Prices



KENT BROS. Having to vacate their premises on the first day of March next, will sell regardless of cost the whole of their valuable stock, consisting of Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Silverware, Clocks, Bronzes, Spectacles, Opera Glasses, Fancy Goods, &c. A rare chance to save money for intending purchasers of Birthday, Wedding or Holiday Presents.

KENT BROS., Manufacturers and Importers, 188 Yonge St., Toronto
RETIRING FROM BUSINESS

We Are Running

Our works to their fullest capacity just now, and still give our patrons the greatest satisfaction in all classes of DYEING and CLEANING.

British American Dyeing Co.
GOLD MEDALIST DYERS

TORONTO OFFICES—90 King St. East, 408 Queen St. West, 126 1/2 Yonge St. Telephone 1990

Under Treatment.

A doctor, on taking leave of his patient, now on a fair way to recovery, recommended him, for the next month or so, to confine himself to one glass of beer a day. A week later he met the invalid's wife and asked her how he was getting on, and if he had carried out his instructions.

"He is much better," she replied; "only, as for the drink, he has taken his six weeks' allowance already in advance."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

At the Cafe.

Two queer-looking creatures sat at a table sipping their coffee. One of them, whilst talking, played carelessly with his spoon—a silver spoon. He turned it over and over, dropped it, picked it up again, and last of all, when he thought nobody was looking, he stuck it into the shaft of his boot. But the other man saw it, and then delicately lifting a spoon in his turn, he said: "Gentlemen, shall I show you a pretty conjuring trick? I bet that I will place this spoon in my pocket (he suits the action to the word) and will take it out of this gentleman's boot." This he does. Whereupon he gravely took up his hat, bowed to the company and walked off.—*La France Illustrée.*

Miss BURNETT

117 Yonge St., Toronto.



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Millinery

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Evening

Dresses

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From \$18.

Perfect Fit From Pattern, Bodice or Measurement. Mail Orders from outside the City will Receive Careful Attention.

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PIANOS

117 KING STREET WEST
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The Fashionable Bag for 1893

COMMERCIAL Travellers and Tourists unite in using the above Bag in preference to any other shape, as it is easier to carry and more convenient to pack, besides holding more for its size than other Bags. We manufacture these goods in several qualities, colors and sizes. Prices range from \$4 to \$16.

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PURE TONE.

Highest Artistic Qualities in Touch and Tone

Latest Designs

Elegant Cases

In Walnut and Mahogany

Rosewood, Oak and Satinwood

Sole agents for the celebrated Sohmer, (N.Y.) Pianos, and the Emerson (Boston) Pianos.

Easy terms of payment

Bargains in slightly used upright Pianos. Square Pianos at very low prices.

Old Pianos exchanged. Pianos to rent. Pianos tuned. Pianos repaired.

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In connection with Messrs. Snodgrass & Sons' Music Store,
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Gas, Electric and Combination Fixtures.

72 Queen St. East, Toronto

J. D. CHAMBERS
Grand National Stables - 100 Mutual Street
London, Couper and Victoria. Tel. 2105

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

On and after Thursday, November 1st, trains will leave Toronto (Union Station) as follows:

EAST

8.30 a.m. Express for Peterborough, Ottawa, Montreal, 9.10 p.m. Local and all points East.
5.10 p.m. Local for London.

WEST

7.30 a.m. For Detroit, Chicago and all points West.
7.30 p.m. Local for London.

NORTH

6.50 a.m. Elora, Fergus, Brantford, Teeswater, Harri- ton, Mt. Forest, Wingham, etc.
7.50 a.m. For Orangeville, Shelburne, Owen Sound, 5.25 p.m. Harriaton, Mt. Forest, Wingham.
10.15 p.m. North Bay, Sudbury, Sault Ste. Marie, Marquette, St. Paul, Bismarck, Duluth, Ft. Arthur, Winnipeg, etc.

*Daily.
All other trains daily except Sunday.

*Trains leave North Toronto station at 8.45 a.m., 6.50 p.m., 9.30 p.m., connecting, respectively, at Leaside Junction with these trains from Toronto Union for all Eastern points.

Take the Old Reliable and Popular

CUNARD

S. S. LINE
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Agent also for Allan, State, Dominion, Beaver, Har- burg, Netherlands, Wilson and French Lines.

A. F. WEBSTER
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RED STAR LINE

Belgian Royal and U. S. Mail Steamers

New York to Antwerp and Paris Wednesdays and Saturdays. Highest-class steamers with palatial equipment. Excursion tickets valid to return by Red Star Line from Antwerp, or American Line from London, Southampton or Havre. Ask for "Facts for Travelers."

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We beg to call the attention of the Ladies to our Special Sale of Dress Goods and Tweeds at prices never offered in Toronto. All our lines are imported direct you may rest assured that you will be able to get the latest designs to choose from.

We have also got a few dozen of Opera Head Wigs which we imported direct from New York at about half regular prices.

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